

THE
RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,
And other Poems.

BY
S. H. SHARMAN.

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BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF
LADY HAVELOCK,
THE CONTENTS OF THIS LITTLE VOLUME
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK, K.C.B.;
BY HER LADYSHIP'S
MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE SERVANT;
STEPHEN HENRY SHARMAN.

PREFACE



FROM childhood, the favorite recreation of the Author has been the perusal of our best English Poets ; and he has occasionally at the close of a day of tedious mental toil, found a pleasant reaction in penning a few lines on such subjects as may have occurred to him.

He does not, for one moment, presume to suppose that his attempts will place him even in the lowest rank of the gifted 'Children of song,' but he does venture to hope that in the lines on Lucknow, the indulgent reader will overlook the shortcomings of the writer, in the interest which must ever attach to his theme, referring as it does to one of the most glorious and thrilling passages in the annals of our country.

He begs to offer his sincere and grateful thanks to those of the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, who have honored his humble efforts with their patronage ; to all his Subscribers individually, for their kind aid in enabling him to place his little work before the public ; and especially to Lady Havelock, for her condescension in allowing him to dedicate it to the immortal memory of her beloved husband.

Free School,

Great Baddow, 1858.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,

*A Poem, delivered in the Hall of the Chelmsford Literary
Institution, March 16th, 1858.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"THE Poem in blank verse, entitled "Lucknow," described in graphic and lofty language, the siege of the Residency, and its relief, the massacre of Cawnpore, and the death of the noble HAVLOCK, with various of the intervening incidents, which have so painfully kept alive the attention of the public, during the fearful Indian struggle. As well as a poem, it was a complete historical picture, faithfully painted in striking colours, of this part of the war."

Chelmsford Chronicle, March 19th.

Essex Herald, March 23rd.

"Many lines and passages impressed us with the harmony and well set diction, which characterize genuine Poetry.

Essex Gazette, March 19th."

"The remarkable incidents of that never-to-be-forgotten siege are portrayed in a manner which must go home to the heart of every Englishman."

Essex Standard, March 19th.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

"An exceedingly pathetic original piece."

Chelmsford Chronicle.

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ERRATA.

**Page 51, line 3, read from "Hurrah" to end of 5th line, in
inverted commas.**

- ' ,. 80, line 12, for father's read fathers'.
- ,. 112, verses 3 and 4, for her read its.
- . 126, dele period at the end of line 16.

THE
RELIEF OF LUCKNOW:

A POEM, IN 3 CANTOS.

Introduction.

I sat in cloistered shade, when Summer shed
Her evening stillness round ; save where the brook
Gurgled, and leapt, and babbled ; or where far
The tinkling sheep-bell marked the flock's repose.
In such an hour, beneath the azure vault,
Whence Cynthia bathed in flood of silver light,
Hamlet, and tower, and tree, and mead, I sat ;
While burning visions of the troubled East
My spirit stirred :—there, death and murd'rous
 strife

Malignant stalked ; there, ruthless traitors poured
Red desolation on that golden land,
And with defiant truculence, provoked
Britannia's wrath ;—there, wreaked a rebel host
Vindictive fury on her bravest sons ;

Her daughters fell with foul indignity,
Or hourly held their life on trembling thread ;
And infant innocence no refuge found
From the wild tortures of barbarian hate.
As thus I mused, a vehement desire
Within me rose, to celebrate in song,
The daring exploits of that warrior band,
Who, dauntless, rushed impetuous to aid
A leaguered city, near the Ganges' source,—
Uphold their Country's Standard, vindicate their
race.

Alas ! her chords to such high theme, my harp
Failed to attune ; when o'er my grieving soul,
As dreamy slumber crept, before me stood
A being of proud step and lofty mien,
Crowned with immortal amaranth, and borne
On wings of radiant light ; her girdle gleamed
With carbuncles and emeralds, inscribed
With names of mighty worth ; and in her hand
An ancient lyre ; she touched the dulcet strings
In soft harmonious prelude,—thus she sang
Of Britons, who, by Indus as of old,
Triumphant through all peril bore the Cross and
Sword.

The Relief of Lucknow.

CANTO I.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RELIEF—
WHAT THE SPIRIT OF FAME SAW AT LUCKNOW.

I AM the Spirit of Fame : it is my wont
To wander o'er this habitable sphere
Unseen, and chronicle the deeds of men ;—
My mission (from the Power that hath ordained,
And still supports, in wondrous harmony,
All nature,) to record, in truthful strains,
The good and ill ; that generations yet
* Unborn, may learn, from my examples given,
What things to emulate and what avoid.

It chanced, that as I roamed 'mid earth and sky,
A sister spirit met me on my way,
And, after mutual salutations passed,
Addressed me thus:—"Why laggest thou? Behold!
In Northern Ind' upon the Goomtee's stream,
A band of heroes hold against a host,
In desp'rate fight, a solitary fort,
Lucknow.—Hasten then, sister, hasten, lest
The mighty deeds of honorable men
Be lost to lofty song." On this, I spread
My aerial wings, and with redoubled speed,
In expectation high, renewed my flight,—
Reached the far goal, and now the scene relate.

I saw amid the darksome gloom of night,
A mass of dusky forms, fiendish and fierce;—
Some horrid joy illumed each lineament,
Displayed their savage mood,—each gleaming eye
Shot glances of unutterable hate,
Sparks of the living fire that raged within;
And in their words, deep oaths of vengeful ire
Mingled, with scornful jests, and bitter threats
Of unheard tortures; such as well might call
A maiden's blush, e'en upon manhood's cheek.

Ferocious tigers in the form of man,
They circled thousands strong ; imprisoned fast
Within a narrow space, ill-fortified,
(Except by resolute and faithful hearts,)
A few brave souls, whom, in the open field,
They durst not combat, e'en on equal terms.
They boasted in unearthly merriment,
And lewd reviling songs, the Briton's plight ;
For that encumbered in his lair, with babes,
And gentle womanhood, he durst not force
His dangerous path, lest these should fall a prey.

With sympathy inflamed, and curious too,
To apprehend what mighty motive power
Could influence endurance 'gainst such odds ;
My post of observation changed, and o'er
The fort, awhile, hovered on lambent wing.
Small were its limits, and its forces small ;
Too true their foeman's boast, for infancy,
With wives and maidens, numbered more than half
The garrison.—In admiration lost,
And while I wondered, I beheld a group
Of soldiers on the blood-stained battlements,
Engaged in earnest converse : drawing near,

With eager haste, remained, invisible,
Listening to their discourse ; which I repeat.

Cast in no ordinary mould were they,
For on the brow was seen that glorious seal,
The stamp of Freedom—here the fiery Celt,
The cool (not braver) Saxon, with his friend
Of darker native hue, pre-eminent
In honor, truth, untainted loyalty,
Stood, knit in brotherhood of dangerous toil,
Erect and bold of mien ; in manly grace,
Such as fair woman loves to look upon ;
But pale and worn with long solicitude,
And weary watching.—Night and day, with firm
Untiring zeal, had manned the gaping breach,
Or tottering barrier ;—had driven back
With fearful loss the baffled enemy.
And as I gazed, mine eyes wept pitying tears ;
(For spirits sympathize with mortal woes.)
And for a space I wished for human form,
To rank among the brave defenders there.

First the Mc'GREGOR, a bold warrior he,
From the far north of Scotia's rugged shore :

"Alas! no tidings,—still the promised aid
Delays its advent. Can it be, that men,
That-helpless women, guiltless babes, must fall
Beneath the power of wretches such as these
That know no mercy?—Oh! forbid it Heaven!
Could one man's life suffice, I gladly here
Would lay mine down, a willing sacrifice
To save the rest;"—to whom in quick reply,
Another born in southern Britain:—thus:—
"There spake the soldier and the man; and so
Would every one within these leaguered walls:
Courage, brave comrade! Heaven will ne'er desert
The trusting heart in time of utmost need.
The bold yet cautious HAVELOCK marches on
To aid, contesting inch by inch: nine times,
('Tis said,) already, he hath met in arms,
These murderers whose craven breasts could plan
And execute atrocious villanies,
Unknown before. As oft, in sudden rout,
Hath that brave General, though small his force,
Taught them this lesson:—that they cannot cope
With outraged manhood, and with British steel."
Again Mc'GREGOR, answering, replied:—
"Nay! think not, brother, I repine or grieve,
My heart is true as needle to the pole;

'Tis the result I fear, but not for us ;
For we are wedded to an exigence
That brings us speedy transit to a tomb,
Or living honor. But for these poor lambs,
Were we to excavate the solid earth,
And bury deep within some cavern wide
The whole for safety,—our antagonists
Some new device would find to injure them,
And baulk our best precautions ;—hospital,
Nor innermost recess avail us now ;
The sick, the wounded, on their pallets lie,
Receive their death-stroke from the fatal ball,
Unhelped. Oh ! for a single fleeting hour,
Unmanacled, to muster all our strength,
With some bold piper in the van,—and charge ! ”

“ Stay ! comrade, stay ! ” the other interposed,
“ It may not be ; remember, ’tis the bent
Of the true soldier’s duty to remain
Where’er that duty calls him. We have borne
Unmurmuring, famished, but unconquered yet,
Whate’er our foes devise. Our eyes have seen
Episodes unexampled.—Where are they,
Our first two leaders ? In yon homely grave :

Beside their bones, lie the fair maid, the child,
And many a gallant soldier. Thrice have we
The fierce assault repelled; with counter-mine
Met all their subterranean designs.
Where our frail bulwarks trembled,—in the gap
Our men have stood triumphant. Where the mine
Hath burst our outworks, officers have wrought
Continuous, as men of low estate;
Civilians here with martial ardour fired,
Have outstripped veterans of ancient date,
And learned the art of war. Be patient then;
What, though some traitors have betrayed their
trust,
Our native troops within are doubly true,
And unsurpassed in honest loyalty;
Their fealty unshaken. *Thou hast heard
The mild expostulation, promise, threat,
And rich reward proposed to them in vain.
What, though our friends be beaten back awhile,
They will not fail, but reinforced, hold on."

* The native troops were so near the enemy, that conversation could be carried on between them; and every effort, persuasion, promise, and threat was alternately resorted to, in vain, to seduce them from their allegiance to the handful of Europeans, who in all probability would have been sacrificed by their desertion.—*Report of Brigadier Inglis.*

To whom a son of Green Juverna's Isle :—
“ I know our country never doth betray
Even the alien,—that she will nerve
Her utmost to the task to aid her own,
I dare not doubt,—nor that she will avenge,—
But the broad sea divides. Our shattered walls,
Ruined defences, and dismantled guns,
With our exposed and decimated ranks
Cannot avert the dire catastrophe ;
But yet 'tis sweet, how sweet to feel within,
That through the melancholy phases of our case,
No cloud hath intervened to dim the sun
Of true devotion.” While they thus communed,
A being of a gentler sort approached ;
Of carriage delicate—a modest air
Of wistful sadness o'er her sinking frame,
Told eloquently of deep suffering
And withering mental anguish ; such as none
But minds of noblest essence bear unwarped :
She spake in low melodious accents, like
(More than to Earthly music,) to the sighs
That breathe from Nymphs of the Arcadian groves.
“ Forgive me, soldiers ! I would not intrude !
Nor is it, perhaps a fitting time to come
Among you thus ; but rank avails not now,

Such times destroy its caste and level all.
Sent by our matrons, I demand a boon
Of British warriors. In that far-off land,
Our island home, where many a peaceful hall,
With youthful hours of joy and blessedness,
Or quiet cottage, still in fondest chain
Of sweet remembrances, clings round the soul
Amid our present horrors ; there has each
Some female tie ; some mother's, sister's love—
A wife, a daughter, or some dear one still,
The hope of future years : full well to you
Is known the fate of woman at Cawnpore ;
And that within, are many such as I :
Say, will ye yield to such a doom, the weak
Who trust in you for safety and defence ? ”

With honest pride the Scotsman :—“ Lady, No!
We never will ; but yet I may not hide
Even from thee, the sad o’erwhelming truth
That we are overtaken. Our crafty foes,
Like a full swarm of bees in summer noon,
Crowd round in gath’ring thousands ; while, alas !
We are but few : what men *can* do, we will ;
But overpowered, what *can we do but die* ?

Thou knowest, Lady, well, the history
Of this dark era—how this mutiny,
Base, treacherous, and ruthless as it is,
Burst on us unprepared, almost unarmed,
As some huge avalanche. Thou knowest, too,
What deep privations we have undergone
Through these long months, in this our citadel,
Hastily fortified, and garnished ill
With means of bare subsistence. Oft have we
By vig'rous sally, snatched the Staff of Life
In hasty warfare, from the close embrace
Of sudden death—here lie beneath the sod
Our slain, with gallant soldiers, stricken down
In prime of manhood, by grim pestilence:
Peace to their souls! they died firm at their posts,
Ripe in heroic glory—here, too, lie
The fearless BANKS, who died a warrior's death;
The noble LAWRENCE, in his winding-sheet
Of blood; yea, he was truly great and good,—
His heart refined gold—the steadfast friend
Of lonely orphans. Noble warrior!
Wise in council! Zealous philanthropist!
Of all his substance, largely ministered
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked poor,
And speed the everlasting Gospel through

This wilderness of strange idolatry :
A public benefactor—privately
Full of benevolence and charity
Unfeigned, to all his species—but for him,
His prudent foresight, and his watchful care
To apprehend each quick emergency
Of this long siege, Lucknow had fall'n at once :
His soldiers loved him as their sire, and wept
Like infants round his bier ! Brave INGLIS, too,
Is worthy of his mantle,—doubt it not,
His lion-heart will never bid the men
He leads, surrender : long ere now had we,
But for the hapless gentle ones we guard,
Left our frail covert, and with banners spread,
Cut a swift path to victory or the tomb ! ”

To whom the Lady, thus, with flushing cheek :—
“ Undaunted men, bold sons of Britain's isle !
* I knew it well ; think not my feeble sex
Shall wanting be in the dark final hour ;
To us, hath been alike our common share
In this calamity. Yet all have borne
Reliant ;—where the wounded lay, and sick,
Our part hath been to wait with patient care,

And pour sweet balm of consolation in
Their ears who bled for us ; to watch and soothe
The dying soldier in the closing scene,
And mitigate his pains ;—should perils rise
More perilous, then, side by side, in arms
With weapons our frail hands can use, we'll stand
With our protectors, till hewn down, we fall ;
In night of dull oblivion, yet escape
Dishonor to our race and womanhood.
Ay, rather point the muzzles of your guns
Against our breasts—an honorable death—
Than live to deck their brutal victory ! ”

While yet she spake,—I marked his noble mien—
A veteran upon whose countenance,
Sunburnt and weather-beaten,—warlike scars
Of many hard fought battles told, and fierce
Encounters in Crimean war ; poised high
His glittering sword, his helmet doffed the while,
And thus harangued :—“ Friends ! Brothers !

Countrymen !

Listen, and give attent unto my words,—
The British Lion never hath been wont
To humble : Alma's heights, and Inkerman,

And Balaclava's strife uphold his fame,
Within the memory of the youngest here.
No dastard pen, (though many such there be,)
Shall write him conquered.—No! if slain, he dies
Untamed, and hurls destruction on his foes;
Hear me, then, for I swear and register
My solemn vow, that if the aid comes not,
So long deferred and hoped—when all is lost,
This firm right hand shall fire the magazine;
Man, woman, child, in common ruin crushed;
No trophy left to glut these savages
But mouldering bones and ashes.—England will
Requite our memory, and thank our dust
That we were faithful to her honor; nor
Betrayed our birthright, and her solemn trust!”

A short acclaim—not loud—but earnest, deep,
Echoed the warrior's oath, and sealed his vow.
Still wondering more, and wishing much to view
*The indomitable leader, who, in spite
Of force, or fraud, or famine, still maintained
His own thus gallantly; I wandered on,

*BRIQADIER, now MAJOR GENERAL INGLIS.

And found him ; how shall I depict him best ?
Among bold men, the boldest ; 'mong the brave,
The bravest there. Stern Valour had baptized
And nursed him as her son. With eagle eye
He scanned the ramparts, marking well in time
Each weakened point ; affording quickly there
The necessary help. Among his men,
Illustrious example of great deeds,
Unyielding patience, courage, high resolve ;
Inflexible in purpose, undismayed
By common ills or adverse chance of war,
He moved ubiquitous ;—the Master mind,
The Genius of the storm that raged around,
Inspiring confidence, and peace, and hope :
His visage calm, no trace of fear betrayed ;
Though anxious thought, and oft, perchance, a
 shade
Of sorrow flitted o'er, for those who fell :
Had Britain asked Dame Nature to produce
A model hero,—he the type had been.

Hard was their lot, the appointed day had past,
And yet no tidings came. The lowering sky
With midnight clouds was dark ; no moon, no
 stars ;

And all was dark above, below ; save where
The flickering torch, or watchfire's fitful blaze
Revealed the darkness of the sombre scene.
The rippling river moaned its murmurs by
In doleful cadence. On the foetid air,
Noxious from putrid corpses, wailed the howl
Of the impatient jackall. High aloft
The screaming vulture soared,—with dismal note,
Flapping her greedy pinions. Once again
The bugle called to arms ; and through the gloom
Full many a weary eye looked out, but looked
In vain ; and many an ear with anxious list
Attent, listened, but caught no welcome sound
Of the relieving columns. Night wanes on,
Black herald of approaching doom,—beneath
Her canopy, the foe, implacable,
Works on at the destructive mine, and hopes
To usher in with the returning dawn,
A sad to-morrow : while from those within,
Unceasing, ardent aspirations rise
To Him, the God of battles, that His arm
May fight for them ;—*that cry is not unheard !*

END OF CANTO FIRST.

The Relief of Lucknow.

CANTO II.

Cawnpore:—

THE MASSACRE—THE MARCH OF THE
RELIEVERS.

CAWNPORE! Cawnpore! thou scene of treachery
And blood; detested synonyme of all
That's horrible and base; thy name shall be
To all remotest ages thrice accursed!
Alike, the melancholy sepulchre
Of beauty and of honorable men,
Cut off by the remorseless, perjured Chief,
In whom, alas! ye trusted in good faith!
Yet o'er thy fane shall Christian charity
Uprear the peaceful banner of the Cross,
Emblem of mild forgiveness;—and thy streets
Re-echo with His name, "The Crucified."

The records of the Indian mutiny
Are known to all; I need not here recount
Particulars, save in such general terms
As best befit my theme. Throughout Bengal
A wild conspiracy had spread abroad,
But secretly contrived, with much of art,
To massacre the ruling race; restore
The ancient despotism;—the dark Sepoy,
Trained well in European discipline,
Too willing instrument. Mohammedan
And Brahmin both in wicked compact joined
To execute the scheme. Far o'er the land
Burst suddenly in startling violence
The flames of revolution and fierce war.
England's munitions—turned against herself;—
Red conflagrations, murders, rapine, woe,
Terrible tortures,* horrid acts of gross
Indecent hate, that modest well-bred men
Dare scarcely whisper in their midnight dreams,

* There are some persons hardy enough to affect an entire disbelief in the tales of atrocities reported to have been perpetrated by the *gentle* Asiatic, not only on disarmed men, but also on helpless women and innocent children. I have no doubt that by some process of reasoning peculiar to themselves, the same amiable individuals will in due time, arrive at the conclusion that there has not been a serious outbreak in India at all;—nothing more than a few riots, &c.; unfortunately for these

Were perpetrated by the swarthy sons
Of the hot tropic, in their maddened rage.
No sex, no age was spared. The British, few,
Attacked in solitary garrisons,
Rushed to their ramparts—stood like lions at bay—
Where scattered through the land, remote from
aid,
Upheld the old hereditary fame,
The prestige of their country;—rallied round
Some leader, oft of lowly rank, unknown,
Hasted to nearest fort or bungalow,
And there with such scant means and implements
As fortune might supply, made a bold stand;
Or, failing this, with face toward the foe,
Died nobly on the field. The age was rife
With many a gallant act, and redolent
Of sterling bravery: some here I note,
The glorious pattern they of many more.

pseudo philanthropists, and unhappily for the credit of humanity, the accounts are too well corroborated to admit of much doubt. Shame, too, on those who would tarnish the fame of the British soldier; possibly in a few instances, incited by the remembrance of the horrible indignities inflicted on his countrywomen, he may have overstepped the bounds of strict justice, and exercised a fearful retribution; but taken in the mass, his character yields to none in exhibiting the finer quality of mercy to a conquered foe, combined with the most daring courage and unflinching fortitude.

A kindred pair, in chariot, assayed *
The gauntlet of a hundred mutineers ;
She plied the whip, the reins, with steady hand,
Through the impeding mass, while he, stout heart,
Dealt death on every side. Again, pressed hard
By their inveterate hate, a maiden* stood
In arms—an Amazon—yielding at length
Her life a sacrifice. Nor less the man
Who fought unaided, yet redeemed his name,
And fell like Sampson, covered with his slain.
Nor second he,† who, worn with fell disease,

* "In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through the band of mutineers, while he with cool aim shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled till they again found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she by rein and whip raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his boys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell."

† Lieutenant OSBORNE.

And far removed from country, home, and friends,
Maintained alone, by dint of moral power,
His wonted influence ; low on his bed
He lay, uncared for, comfortless, and weak ;
Around him clustered mbrning, noon, and eve,
A crowd of lawless men—in angry mood—
Malicious—peering in his lonely tent,
With threat'ning gestures, fierce desire to slay ;
But yet withheld from deeds of violence,
By magic force of intellect and faith :
He trusted God. and in his loneliness
Drew inspiration from the Living Throne
That vaults the azure sky : his eye was keen,
And quick his challenge,—yet serene his brow :
“ Do what ye dare ; your hands may mutilate,
May slay this wasted form ; not unavenged
I fall, but check, with swift unerring aim
The foremost in his rash career ; while He,
Without whose will not e'en the sparrow dies,
Who glances not in vain, beholds my case,
Bids me not fear ;—duty commands my stay ;
And to His wise directing care, who sits
O'erruling all events in providence,
I yield my destiny, content to wait,
With unremitting trust, what seems Him best.”

What wonder, then, that o'er such scenes as
these

The memory dwells, in fascination fixed
Of loving approbation! Many such
Throughout that land there were; some blazoned
wide,
And oft rehearsed in noble themes, well known
To all men; many more untold, unsung,—
No record left to earthly muse, of all
Their pangs and poignant sufferings, the gate
Of bliss.* Doubt not the blest seraphic choirs,
That harmonize ethereal brilliant chords,
Struck their eternal harps, with joy inflamed,
And sang the welcome of their spirits home!
Oblation on a Christian altar, pure,
And sanctified through their Redeemer's blood,
Though offered up by Pagans,—Sparta, Rome,
Or classic Greece; Ay, the whole universe,
In all her vast terrestrial minstrelsy,

* I trust that I shall not be misapprehended here; I do not mean that they were admitted to that glorious hereafter, which we all hope to attain, *because* of their sufferings; but, that the All-wise, whose mysterious providences man may not judge, permitted many Christian men and women thus to end their earthly course, in simple reliance on Him. Such an end was to them emphatically "the gate of bliss."

And glowing world-wide legends, utters not
Comparison ; save in the sacred lines
Of Holy Writ, or ancient martyrdom, .
Can parallel be found. Nor wanting there,
Were instances of native truth and worth,
Fidelity unshaken, honesty, .
Self-sacrifice, and loyalty, within
An Asiatic heart. Bright spots were these,
Redeeming traits in lost humanity,
Radiant like stars, shedding their beacon light
Amid the general gloom ;—devoted men,
Improved the occasion to repay with zeal,
Debts of affection, gratitude, and love ;
Oft risking life, possessions, home, and caste,
To save their benefactors : faithful, true,
The hardy Sikh and sturdy Ghoorka strove,
Fearless of odds, to aid the European,
And win him conquest ; none were nobler there,
In leaguered fort or battle-field, than they.
Thus ; at Cawnpore, as in famed Lucknow's towers,
A gallant little band, besieged, held still
Their 'vantage ground ; what sufferings underwent,
What prodigies performed, I sing not here ;
Sufficient that their foe, insatiable,
Demonic, accomplished that by fraud,

His legions could not openly attain ;
Endorsed a lie, a base unworthy lie,
Well ratified with solemn promises,
And oaths of safety,—thus prevailed,—induced
This garrison, with words of peace, to yield
Their fortress, trusting to his faithless word :
(Ah ! generous WHEELER, let a sigh and tear
Embalm thy memory, brave man and good !)
Atrocious action ! villanous deceit !
Vile breach of treaty ! thrice sworn probity !
Has Heaven no thunders ? earth within her cells
No subterranean fire, avenging flame,
To scorch, with terrible consuming breath,
The monster fiend, who first imaginèd,
Infuriate, a plot so demon-like ?
Once in his power, entangled in the snare,
Like some huge serpent, coiling round his meal,
His eager minions waiting for the word,
He gave the signal. Swift as hungry wolves,
Or hounds upon the trail, leap on their prey,
So sprang they on their victims unprepared :
Some met grim death, pierced through with rifle
ball,
And some a watery grave, deep in the flood
Of the cold river ; terror-stricken babes,

Matrons, fair maids of gentle birth were spared,
But not in mercy. No! for them reserved
A gloomy fate, far worse than sudden death;
A fate that harrows up the inmost soul,
Shocks each nice sympathy, and renders mute
Each tongue with deep disgust. It may not here
Recounted be. But one alone I give,
One faint example in a maiden's * lot.
Fair as the milk-white fleece, and young, her life
Was sweet;—a General's offspring, beautiful,
And good as beautiful; obedient,
Affectionate, in loving modest worth,
Had cast around her hoary parents' age,
Halo serene, shedding its cheering rays
On their decaying years. Her youth was bright,
And promised much of future bliss.—Alas!
That such a fearful cloud should early dim
The morning of her spring. She, with her friends,
Passed onward to the goal of hideous doom,
Suspicionless; enthralled among the throng,
A swarthy trooper saw her struggling hard
Beneath th' assassin's blade,—with guilty speed,
Seized, bore the fainting damsel to his cot,

* MISS WHEELER.

Abode of hateful infamy,—what more,
What dark forebodings weighed her spirit down,
And twined around her heart-strings; what long
hours

Of wakeful misery, of black despair,
Without one gleam of hope, she pined away,
Bereft of friends; what agonies endured,
With every sense absorbed in wretchedness;
In the foul grasp of one, whose loathsome touch
Shuddered her frame; from whom her purer soul,
Back to its inmost hiding-place recoiled

In native horror; none can tell, for none
Were there to witness. Miscreant! odious wretch!
His hand had helped to slay her countrymen,
Her own beloved father. Think! Oh think
On her, ye dainty dames, that dwell within
This land of blest security and peace!

Whose comely daughters daily grace, secure,
Your hospitable board; and from your hearts,
In earnest gratitude to the Supreme,
Solemn thanksgivings offer morn and eve,
For such felicity. The wheels of time
Rolled slowly onward, and the gloomy night
Followed apace—how gloomily, how dull
Its lagging moments, few can apprehend,

For there are hours of torture, too intense
For mortal ken to scan and re-produce
In words ;—the traitor slept,—the opiate
His race delight in, stupified his brain ;
Too much indulged in sensual appetite,
Rendered him powerless. Quickly then she rose,
With madness fired, clutching the ruffian's sword,
Smote with her utmost strength. Oh ! there are
times

When the weak nerves of womanhood are armed
With superhuman strength, and the soft veins
Swell forth indignantly with deep insult ;
The tiny muscle and the fragile arm,
Outraged, become a giant's ;—thus, she struck,
And was her own avenger. Thrice again,
Swift as the gleaming lightning's sudden flash,
On those who held her captive,—nor in vain :
Then, seeing all escape cut off, plunged down
Headlong beneath the waters, and was not.
Spotless, heroic maid ! she boldly slew
Her Holofernes, unreluctant ; yea,
Lucretia-like, that Roman lady, oft
Ascribed in lofty song, she rather chose
Self-immolation, than dishonored live.
Angel of Pity ! when thou writ'st the deed

Within thy holy book, let the sweet tear
Of gentle mercy, falling, blot the sin
(If sin there be) from out thy sacred page.
We know, the suicide who rashly hurls
The brightest gift of this terrestrial world,
Essential sparklet of celestial beam,
Back in his Maker's face ;—who wantonly
Rushes, unbidden, to the presence of
His God, commits a foul unnatural crime ;
Dies without hope of clemency. Not such
Her fate, she died (because she durst not live)
A martyr to her country. Weep for her,
Ye British maidens, mourn her early fate,
Cruel untimely end. Haste ! warriors, haste !
Bare your bright swords, the hour of vengeance
comes !

Ay, even now the dull grey streaks of dawn,
Above the dim horizon faintly seen,
Herald, with incontestable omen,
A day of fearful reckoning. The few
Who first escaped, pursued and foully slain,
There yet remained, in smallest space confined,
'Neath scorching heat of India's sultry sky,
And guarded close with shrewdest vigilance,
The tender ones ; in abject state, depressed,

Half famished, and profoundly desolate,
Their festering wounds untended, sick at heart,
Rived with deep sorrow for their slaughtered
 friends,

Premeditated insolence or coarser jest
Of their inhuman captors ; but upheld
By their inherent courage. He that braves
The cannon's mouth when rushing on the foe,
Belching its iron messengers of death,
Th' explosive shell, or storm of leaden hail ;
Devoid of fear, with all his mettle up,
Gripes the cold steel, and mounts the threat'ning
 height

Bristling with bayonets, deserves applause :
But he that with unyielding fortitude,
Doth undergo a multitude of ills
In Christian faith ; with steady front doth risk
His life, in mute and passive constancy,
Hopeless and powerless to amend his case,
Shall wear the martyr's crown : and such were
 these.

With purpose firm, determination high,
Deaf to all threats, or specious vain pretence
Of that perfidious Hecate, who,
Like some dark spirit from the nether pit,

Replete with vast unblushing wickedness—
Too willing agent of the archtraitor's * will—
Interpreted his mandates, all were true
To their own faith and honor:—righteous scorn,
Angelic indignation, proud contempt,
With every pulse that animates, inspires,
And glows within a woman's breast, rose up
In arms, with wild repulsive throb, to foil
The tyrant ruffian ; and proclaim aloud
Through the wide world, that England's daughters
ne'er

Forget their native dignity and worth.
And now the consummation. Monstrous deed !
Inhuman violation of the law
That rules the most barbarian ! indites
Rude code of honor e'en 'mong savage tribes !
'Twas said, the British were afoot ; rescue
At hand ; alas ! too late relief arrived.
Baffled by feeble women, impotent
In rage, the faithless Sepoys dared not stand
In multitudinous array, before
The prowess of that fearless northern race,
Civilized, Christianized. chief guardian

Of liberty and truth where'er it rules ;
Though oft they strove, by every stratagem,
Means, and appliance used in modern war,
And obstacle of baser art to check,
Annihilate, or turn aside the band,
The scanty band of sturdy Europeans,
And faithful few of native caste, who pressed
With hasty march, and self-devotion rare,
To beard the heathen savage in his den,
Assist their countrymen. Yes, they were few,
A very few, who hastened to support ;
Yet ranked a mighty host : invincible,
Each man in lofty inspiration caught
The spirit of his leader ; vieing well
In exploits high, and deeds superior
With David's valiant men of old. When first
The insurrection spread, the brave HAVELOCK,
Rapid and bold tactician, marshalled quick,
At Allahabad,* a little company,
And Gideon-like, with feeble means, strode on,
Strong in his mission. Instrument of Heaven !
Especial servant of the Omniscient !
He drew immortal courage from its fount,

* Pronounced Allabad.

Its own Eternal source,—the Omnipotent.
Illustrious Christian warrior! faithful man!
Loyal and true, hero of many fights!
Victorious religious Chieftain, hail!
All hail! thy country shall record thy name
Among her noblest and her best beloved;
Burmah, Cabul, Persia, and India,
In many conflicts, now relate thy fame,
And speak thy feats of arms! 'Twas left to these
Last days to shadow forth thy crowning deeds,
Thine innate greatness in declining age.
All hail! for thou art worthy to receive
Honor and praise, and lasting wide renown;
While heart-felt thanks be offered to the Power
That formed thy noble soul, for Britain's need.

Oh! 'twas a wondrous sight! this slender band,
Heedless of numbers, and the scorching heat
Of tropical July, marched on by day,
By night, unceasingly,—now in close fight,
Or wider skirmish, driving back with loss
Their adversaries. Herculean task!
In eight short days, marched forty leagues or
more

Triumphant, four pitched battles gained; and
reached

Cawnpore: again renewed the combat there.

Oh! fearful tragedy! Oh! dark, dark blot

On human nature! fierce enormity!

The town untenable,—his vanquished hordes,

Cowering like chased panthers at the foot

Of some all persevering hunter; stirred

With hatred uncontrollable, their Chief

Conceived a wild and horrible revenge;

To execute his victims in such guise

Of cruelty and malice, heretofore

Unknown: at least in Christendom. At eve,

His troopers muster, and with cool design,

Deliberate barbarity, surround

The prison-house. The captives here refuse

To pass without to certain shame and death;

Clinging with frenzied energy, in groups,

With desperate agony, and firm resolve,

In concert to support each shrinking heart,

Together die. The mother and her child,

The infant nursling at the breast, the wife

Bereaved, the aged matron and the maid,

Shot down from ev'ry door and aperture,

Fall mercilessly, locked in last embrace,

Fast in each others arms. Then entering,
Despise appalling shrieks and prayers for life,
Complete the ruthless massacre. Some few
Wrought to despair, deep red in crimson stains,
Till morn survive, beneath the corpses hid ;
Then rushing forth, destroy themselves, for lack
Of hope. Thou righteous One, that rul'st above !
Thou fount of love and mercy ! can it be,
Inexorable creatures such as these,
Bear still thine image and impress divine ?

This done, the coward tribe evacuate,
Forced out by the untiring, brisk attack
Of their assailants. There within, what sights,
What sickening visions burst upon the view ;
What forms of horrid mutilation ; wild,
Flagitious villanies, may not be sung ;
For 'tis a theme unwelcome, sad, and fraught
With much of anguish.—Let the mind rove free,
Imaginary phantasms chase the brain,
Unbidden come, unchecked, to realize
Their bitterness ; down to the lowest deep,
Beyond the pale of mercy or of hope,
In magic thought descend ; idealize

Horrific group of fiends, of darkest shade,
And met in solemn conclave to invent,
With nicety of cunning, some new phase
Of artful hate and hideous wickedness ;
Ingenious, novel mark of cruelty ;
While each in dext'rous skill competes, to add
Beyond his fellow fiend, some finished touch,
Some subtle master-stroke to the distort
Original. All this, ay more, much more
Thou may'st ; yet fail the dread reality.

Yes ! there were scenes in that devoted tower
That made the sternest natures tremulous
With holy wrath, indignantly suppressed ;
Of loose, insane, and ribald mockery,
That men, accustomed to see death in his
Most ghastly lines and grisly panoply,
Dared not to gaze upon ; but turned aside,
Speechless, with heaving vitals ; doggedly,
In sullen, fearful mood ; while from alone
The lightning glance of the averted eye,
The fierce compression of the quivering lip,
The withering scowl dark'ning the noble brow,
Could aught be gathered of the hidden fire

Of inward execration. 'Mong the rest,
Some soldiers find the cold remains of her,
The modern Judith. Silently and sad,
They bear her from her blood-stained resting-
place,
And crowding round, with patient scrutiny,
Divide her clotted tresses,—beauteous once,
And glossy as the mounted raven's wing;
Now matted thick with gore;—distributing
With jealous arbitration, to each man
His full proportion. Then, uniting all,
With nerves to more than mortal tension strung,
Repeat a sacred vow, a solemn oath
Of binding obligation, to avenge
Her ignominy; for each hair preserved,
A precious amulet,—to wither down,
In open fight, one traitor; execute
Retributory vengeance; vindicate
That law, “Thou shalt not kill,” even in war,
Unjustly—unprovoked—a male.—much less
Women and children; nor abuse the power,
That conquest gives thee to do needless wrong.

How well they kept their oath, after events
Shall yet display. Again the gallant band

Of heroes harness for the fight, pursue
The foe retreating fast to Lucknow's towers ;
But still opposing with redoubled strength.
Thrice and once more they meet with like result ;
Unchecked, th' intrepid force hies bravely on,
Far as Bithoor,—some leagues from where their
 friends

Defend their fort with stern tenacity,
Unconquered, hoping against hope ; but here,
Their leader, forced by stern necessity,
Encumbered much by sick and wounded men,
Back to Cawnpore retired,—not without good,
Essential service done. The enemy,
In haste, came down by thousands, to withstand
Him conquering ; the garrison, pent up,
Reduced to last extremity of want,
Seized the rich opportunity,—rushed forth,
Relieved their famine, and renewed their hope.

Not long did he remain inactive there ;
But reinforced, with ardour took the field.
Here let me pause awhile, for truth demands
Some worthy tribute. Earthly bards have sung
Transcendent merits of distinguished men,

Ancient and modern ; huge convulsions wide ;
Stupendous epochs in man's history ;
The wreck of ruin'd empires and of worlds.
I sing the man of generous, lofty soul ;
Of splendid talents ; virtue, rare and pure ;
Who far removed above the petty feuds,
Mean jealousies of lesser minds, stands on
A pedestal—innate nobility ;
Who earning hard, in busy camp or field,
His own immortal laurels ; yet disdains
To rob a comrade of his just reward.
I sing the brave OUTRAM,—mark well the man,
Unborrowed lustre shines upon his name.
Chivalrous, grand, ennobled intellect !
Great in thyself, and greater still in this
Thine honorable self-denial ; where'er,
Through the whole earth thy name shall quoted
 be,
Warm incense shall attend from every tongue,
Of unrestrained applause ; old men shall bid
Their sons to emulate, and young men strive
To imitate thee. When this Chief arrived
With some few companies, (the elder he
In military rank to bold HAVELOCK)
Resigned, with hearty, frank good-will to him,

The sole command of all ;—he scorned to stem
The torrent of a brother soldier's course
To glory,—served himself a volunteer,
Obedient to his own inferior.
Exquisite delicacy ! by that deed,
Worthy the age of knightly errantry,
Well nigh forgotten ; compassed more renown,
Than had he conquered kingdoms or the globe.

Thus strengthened, now the hardy band assay
Their task again, resume their onward march,
'Lucknow' their watchword.* O'er the Ganges'
stream

They pass, protected by the steady fire
Of their artillery, to Mungarwar.
The hostile masses here resolve to stand
And try once more the fortune of the fight.
In vain,—for OUTRAM dashes on and leads
His gallant cavalry to victory ;
Seizes their cannon ; drives the rebels back.
Crest-fallen they retire, but unsubdued,
With threat'ning front, toward the central point,
Where the main body still encircle fast
The garrison besieged ;—league upon league,

Adventurous and ardent, heeding not
The floods of heaven, the strife of elements,
Slimy morass, steep hill, or rapid stream,
Onward advance ;—through the thick air is heard
A sudden rumbling, dull, portentous, like
Reverberating thunder—'tis the sound
Of distant firing : “We are yet in time,*
Quick, to the front, artillery ; salute !
Peal forth the welcome note of succour nigh.”
So speaks the General, whilst every man
His pace accelerates, and joys to feel
His efforts are not worthless. Soon arrived
At Alumbagh, they find the stubborn foe
Right well prepared ; determined to engulf
Their prey ; and here, the fight begins anew,
An earnest, deadly struggle, hand to hand :—
Three thousand men attempt to force a path
Through legions numberless, and deep intrenched
With palisade and loopholed wall, and all
Advantage of position best contrived.
From morn till eve, throughout the livelong day,
Continuous the battle rages.—Night
Unfolds her shadows, when, advanced at last,

* See General HAVELOCK's despatch.

By dint of preternatural efforts, near
Their weary, spent, besieged compatriots;
The British, pausing to renew their strength,
Re-form their shattered ranks, and Heaven in-
spired,
With deaf'ning cheer, rush to the final charge.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

The Relief of Lucknow.

CANTO III.

THE RELIEF AND RESCUE. DEATH OF HAIVLOCK.

God of the silver bow ! who oft of old,
Swept the celestial chords ;—ye sisters, who
Erst on Parnassus dwelt, awake the lyre ;
Attune, enraptured, its melodious strings,
And swell, in concert high, th' immortal strain.
Ye poets, let your choicest numbers roll ;
Painters, and ye that with artistic skill,
Sculpture the adamantine marble ; ye
Historians, that chronicle each great
Event of passing time ;—ye orators,
That move with thrilling tones, in speech sublime,
The nation's inmost soul ;—all ye, that in
The senate stand, pre-eminent ; combine
With all the good and great of every clime,

To yield due honor to the men, that saved
An empire. When their feet shall touch the soil
Of their own Albion once again in peace,
Damsels and dames, of high and low degree
Shall weave victorious garlands, and shall crown
Their brows with laurels; every village bell
Peal its loud note of joy; huge bonfires blaze
On each broad hillock; crowding thousands rush
To life their march, with acclamation long
Shouting their welcome home; a gracious Queen
Distribute high rewards; nor shall the day
Be e'er forgot in British annals, it shall live
Memorial of a nation's gratitude,
A spectacle to future ages, how
The Merchant Isle esteems her warrior sons.

The clouds of night rolled down the western
sky,
As morning slowly trod her gloomy way
O'er Lucknow's halls, her mosques, and palaces.
Unwillingly, the engineers confessed
The fort untenable: all knew the worst.
Yet still the weary soldiers manned the guns;
E'en sick and wounded men were there, to line

The walls. From battlement to battlement
Ran the tired gunners ; * every man, unite,
In stern resolve, waiting the final stroke,
Annihilation. Quick, with fierce discharge
Of cannonade, or living shells well aimed
By daring hands, they swept away the foe ;
Or closely knit, with bayonet hurled back
Each swarm of the besieging force, that climbed
Their works : as beetling rock the surging waves.
Within, and hurrying to and fro, were seen
Their wives and maidens, acting well their part ;
Performing such light duties as the sex
Might there attempt ;—now, to the batteries
Conveyed the orders of the watchful Chief,
With agile foot,—now, mingled with his men,
Bearing such sustenance the trying case
Admitted of, to cheer the fainting frame,
And nerve the willing arm—and breathings oft
Of deep, impassioned courage, fortitude,
And consolation whispered in their ears,

* The gunners had to run from one battery to another, wherever the fire of the enemy was hottest ; at last the number of European gunners was only 24, while we had, including mortars, no less than 30 guns in position.—*Brigadier Inglis Report.*

Throughout that dark, protracted period
Of doubt and desolation. These endure,
Imperishable monument to time
Remote, of woman's holy faith and power,
Of meek endurance to submit to ills,
And heaven-taught confidence, on angels wings
To rise above them all. Toward the eve,
O'erwhelmed with labour and anxiety,
Apart, and wrapped in troubled slumberings,
I spied a gentle pair. Nature had done
Her utmost to uphold, and they had sunk
On the cold ground in sleep. A soldier's spouse*
In Caledonian plaid, lay, close entwined
Within another's arms ;—nobler in rank,
But yet, like her, of brave devoted soul,
A faithful woman,—want of rest and woe,
The manifold excitements of the siege,
With lingering fever blanched her youthful cheek ;
Debilitating low the fragile form ;
Threat'ning the tottering reason ;—on they slept,
Regardless of the din ;—at intervals,
From her white lips came muttered sounds and
words,

* JESSIE BROWN.—See a letter published in *Jersey Times*, of December 10, 1857.

That spake of other days and other climes,
Her peaceful vales and heath-clad mountain steeps,
The old fire side, the circle round the hearth ;
Sad contrast to her present misery.
But hie ! She stirs, what moves her spirit now ?
With nimble bound she springs upon her feet,
And bending forward, lists with eager ear,
Breathless, each wakened faculty distent.
Across her countenance flits rapidly
The joyous smile of exultation, like
Bright sunlight in a storm ; she grasps the hand
Of her aroused companion ; now a wild,
Unearthly cry bursts from her, of intense
And rapturous delight ; as the young fawn
Or startled antelope leaps o'er the plain
In fiery headlong speed ;—so rushes she,
Frantic with joy, among the toil-worn troops ;
From man to man darts swift, —proclaiming high,
Above the turmoil, in loud, piercing tones,
That chord responsive echo in each breast,
Revive anew its drooping energies
To fierce resistance : “Hark ! they come, they come !
Thank God we're saved ; dinna ye ken the sound ?
Hark ! 'tis the Slogan of the Highlander,
To the Mc'GREGOR, grandest of them a'.”

One moment's pause of agonizing hope,
Deathlike suspense,—each ear is stretched in
vain ;

The Lowland ear is slow to apprehend
The mountain melody.—“No, 'tis the wind,
Or fond delusion of her wand'ring brain :

Oh, bitter mockery !” Again she cries
With deep-fraught energy along the line,
“Will ye no hear it, no believe it noð ?”
“List ! 'tis indeed the pibroch shrill and clear ;
Courage, courage, the bonnie Campbells come !
Fight on, my countrymen, for aid is nigh.”

Once more they pause ; now catch the gladsome
sound :

“Yes ! yes ! it is the blessed pibroch, borne
In fitful cadence, on the breeze,—now soft,
Now loud.—Our friends are near ! new life, new
hope !”

Then for an instant, down on bended knee,
With simultaneous impulse all, with one
Accord, gave offering of heart-felt thanks
To Him, who on empyreal throne, Supreme,
Directs the courses of unnumbered worlds,
And rules the destiny of man : nor scorns
The mute petition of the humblest one

In his necessity. Uprising all,
Five hundred manly voices echo forth
The loyal British cheer—Hurrah! Hurrah!
God save our Queen! Comrades, stand to your
guns!

Now fierce Mahratta, try the breach once more!
And still the pibroch swells its martial strain,
Or note of sweet encouragement, and bids
Them struggle on, for succour is at hand.
See! through the mist the Scottish clansmen come,
That band of heroes, with their dark allies,
The faithful Sikhs, in phalanx firm and strong;
The steady Saxon, guarding well the flank,
Not less a post of dang'rous hardihood.
Aloft, the British Standard proudly waves;
HAVELOCK and OUTRAM boldly lead the van;
In vain the trait'rous Sepoy skulks behind
His loop-holed walls, or tries with sudden charge,
And dogged, obstinate despair, to check
Their swift advance; muzzle to muzzle now,
Or grappling hand to hand, in fiercest gripe,
With bayonet and claymore, on they come:
See! how their noble leaders wave their swords,
And urge them to the strife; vast myrmidons
Oppose their course—savage, hyæna-like,

Enclosè in front and rear. Say, hast thou seen
Some hardy bark, in ocean tempest driven,
Brave the wild elements, hold on her course,
Now on the giddy height of crested wave,
Now deep in watery valley,—boldly ride
Triumphant to the port: so press they on,
Cutting their path amid the mighty mass,
That living sea; while ever and anon
Is heard the frenzied yell—malignant, fierce,
“Down with the English, let not one escape;
Death to the Feringhees!” Hark! how it rings
From lip to lip with patriotic zeal,
Intrepidly defiant, long and loud,
Unquelled, unquailing, ’mid the awful din,
In answering response, contemptuous,
The Northern battle-cry: “Britons, strike home!
Strike for old England! Charge with all your
might!

Ye dauntless mountaineers, on, for your friends!
Strike for your leaguèred daughters, for your
babes!

Avenge Cawnpore! ye stalwart Highlanders,
Perform your oath! On, Gael and Saxon, on!
Britannia, to the rescue!”—Now in swift
Succession rolls the quick, sharp, rattling fire

Of musketry, with slower, heavier boom
Of huger cannon. Swift the sabre cut
Flashes its lightning steel; the rapid thrust
And stab in deadly struggle interchanged;
No quarter asked or given on either side.
Behold! stern Justice rides on wings above,
Her flaming sword unsheathed; and Mercy hides,
Shudd'ring, her pallid face;—chariots of fire,
Angelic combatants, are hovering there
To aid the panting champions;—messengers
Ethereal, flit around from rank to rank,
Imparting supernatural power;—and as
Th' unseen, celestial essence fills, diffuse,
Their drooping frames, their manly forms dilate,
Each warrior in himself the counterpart
Of famed Achilles. Thus, victorious,
Triumphant over heaps of slain, they reach
The Residency;—*not one hour too soon*:—
For had they tarried, or been beaten back,
Their friends had perished; irretrievable,
Their dreadful doom. Here let me stay my theme;
Harp, cease thy strains, for e'en thy minstrelsy
Dares not attempt the solemn moment, when,
Succoured, relieved, and saved the garrison
Met their brave rescuers;—the cordial grasp.

Hearty congratulations, silent thanks,
Extatic bursts of joy, or the soft song
Of chastened praise, that rose from every tongue,
Swelling its chorus where the seraph stands
Before his Maker in the courts above.

Yes! there were many eyes, that through the siege
Had looked death calmly in the face, unscared,
Had never wept, now dim with moisture; tongues,
That never faltered, nor betrayed a fear,
Refused their office; tremblingly at fault,
With deep emotion—gladness,—gratitude!

Nor was the victory attained, unscathed;
For in the thickest of the fight there fell
The noble, fiery NIELL, and his compeers
In arms, with many more of lesser rank,
But all of equal valour, equal worth.
Not one man there, soldier or officer,
But did his duty,—earned a monument
Immortal in his fall: we mourn their end,
But glory in the legacy they leave,—
Enthusiastic, self-denying love
Of honor, country, and humanity.

More than a third the force lay stricken down,
Wounded or slain, upon that blood-stained field;
Appalling ransom paid for liberty!
And as I gazed upon the saddening scene,
Yet glorious;—I saw a form arise,
Sylph-like and immaterial at first,
But gathering dim outline mid the mist,
The Spirit of Britannia,—thus she spake,
Blessing her children with benignant smile:—
“Thanks! thanks my sons, well have ye done this
day,—

Performed my bidding,—well upheld my power,
Your own eternal fame;—from my deep heart,
The mighty bosom that hath room for all
Who love me, do I yield unstinted praise;
Parental benediction: On my breast
Surcharged with tender pity for the fall’n,
For ever shall remain engraved in lines
Of rich undying lustre,—all who fought,
Or bled, or died for me; my progeny,
Where’er I rule, in one accord, unite
To call you blessed; you, my daughters too,
My pride, my ornament, as choicest gems
Shall shine resplendent to all nations, full
Of grace and truth, inherent purity.

Enduring faith, and Christian fortitude.
Oh ! land of desolation and of blood,
Of idol worship, dark fanaticism,
Land of the red un pitying Suttee,
Of heinous crimes, of Pagan ignorance,
And wilder superstitions,—o'er thy glades,
Thy cloud-capt mountains, from the Himmalehs,
To the tall Ghauts that skirt thy southern shores,
Shall equal rule extend ; unfettered, now,
A milder faith o'erspread thy wide domain."

Thus far, have I the history pursued
Of this dark age. HAVELOCK and OUTRAM, thus,
Had reached the goal ; and, now, entrenched within
The Residency, held the fort. Again,
New levies of the enemy surround
In numbers undiminished ; strengthened too
By their example in the art of war.
Indomitable energy of will !
Cut off from all resource beyond their own,
Enclosed and straitened, famine at the door,
Their force reduced by sickness,—through two
moons
Withstood the fierce assault ; defended well

The prey, their bold, impulsive genius
Had risk'd so much to save and snatch from death.
Then the stern CAMPBELL, first of all his face,
That hoary, 'Gaelie Chief, renowned of old,
Who, at his country's call, impetuous rushed
To save the brightest gem in Britain's crown;
Expert in cautious stratagem, combines
The skill of mighty WELLINGTON, with dash
Of dauntless NELSON; he, with hurried march
Advanced his cohorts; rolling back their hordes;
Steadily, giant-like: hadst thou been there
To view the movement, thou hadst given unfeigned,
Implicit admiration to the deed.
Stretching his lines afar at dead of night,
This great Commander rescued all, unknown
And unsuspected by the waiting foe;
Who, in his ignorance, still fired upon
The crumbling walls, now tenantless,
For hours—Bold stroke of warlike strategy!
Consummate wisdom!—thence, returning, held
His backward course far as Cawnpore; arrived
Where WINDHAM, sorely pressed, scarce held his
ground;
(A braver man, though here unfortunate,
Ne'er buckled harness) there, the Chieftain, like

Some shaggy monarch of the forest glade,
Who guards his cubs retreating to the cave,
Stood firm with bristling front, till all were safe,
And passed, unscathed, beyond the reach of harm.
All saved; the brazen cymbals clashed, the drum,
The shrill-toned fife, the bugle clarion,
Trumpet-tongued, gave the word,—“Britons!
advance,

And crush these hirelings.” Here let me restrain
My numbers; 'tis not meet that I should sing
Each nice event; what wonders GREATHEAD,
GRANT,

And hundreds more of gallant men achieved;
The daring of that son of Neptune, PEEL,
And his brave sailors, though engaged on land;
The fall of Delhi; or the final close
Of this sad warfare: let him read, who will,
The archives of his country,—con them well,
For they are full of meaning,—and rejoice
In this unsullied page of patriotism,
O'er which no mean and envious hand can cast
One shadow. Thou, my harp, must now, un-
strung,

Resume a plaintive, melancholy note.
Wreath the sad cypress, let the willow shade

In unassumèd grief, the warrior's tomb.
Inscrutable decree of Providence !
Yet none the less severe,—his battles won,
His end accomplished, and the tender ones
Rescued and safe,—he sank serene to rest ;
His mighty spirit overcharged with care,
Crushed the worn body, burst the tenement
That held it pris'ner. 'Twas a sad, sad scene,
The warrior lay upon his dying couch,
Weak, faint, longing for immortality ;
Afar from those he loved the best on earth—
His wife, his daughters, were not there to catch
His last expiring breath, and with fond hand
To smooth his aching pillow ; none were there
Of kindred tie, none but his gallant son,
The partner of his glory. Round his bed
Were those he led to conquest ; valiant, strong
Men wept, and looked in mournful silence on
The peaceful end of their departing Chief.
Sublime in death, as he had been in life !
With all his laurels thick upon his brow,
He died in the full zenith of his fame.
Hard lot, alas ! he never knew how well
His native land approved, unanimous,
His services ; nor how she longed to see

His face once more—how, in the senate-house,
As with one voice went forth, perpetuate,
The mandate, to record in her archives,
His honors and a gracious Sovereign's praise.
Renowned, the conqueror in a hundred fights!
Beloved by all men; recognised by Him,
To whom he gave the praise of all the deeds,
The mighty exploits that adorn his name;
So passed his soul the narrow bounds that guard
The nether limits of that golden sphere,
Where all is light, superabundant bliss—
And there were ministers, unseen, unfelt
By all but him—celestial visitants,
Watching and waiting for the final gasp,
To wrap the essence of the Deity
Released this earthly coil—faithful and pure,
In the rich mantle of Eternal Love,
And waft it to the bosom of its God.
Good man! whose gentle, generous heart enlarged,
Poured charity on brother and on foe!
Illustrious patriot! in council wise!
Thrice noble Christian warrior! Bold knight,
Magnificent in modern chivalry!
A thousand minstrels chaunt thy requiem!
Thine own immortal deeds thine epitaph.

Deep was the anguish when the tidings came
To Britain's shores, her hero was no more ;
Within the old ancestral hall, and at
The lordly board thy fate was whispered soft ;
The husbandman, in lonely, silent field,
The citizen, the merchant at his desk,
And all of every grade, from high to low,
Suspended each his daily toil, and wept :
For, thou, amidst this latter war and strife,
Wast England's champion, and she grieves for
thee

As Rachel for her firstborn ; audibly,
With bitter woe : through all its hidden springs,
Her giant heart, o'erflowing, wails thy loss,
And mourns her fallen warrior ;—in the street,
The broad highway, the unfrequented lane,
Men, meeting, stay their course, and softly speak
Sorrowful words of undisguised regret,
Telling their friends, dejectedly, the news,—
That HAVELOCK, that noble warrior, is dead.

As falls the oak, that lifts its lofty boughs
In forest pride, amid the canopy
Of the broad firmament ; arrived at full

Maturity of growth, stately and grand ;
Unhurt by wintry snows ; unbent, unharmed
By hundred summer storms and lightning's
gleam ;

But yielding to the axe in ripe old age—
So thou didst fall : powerless the cannon's roar,
The sword, the ambush, and the rifle ball,
• Until thy glorious mission done, thy work
Performed ; thy Maker, in His own good time,
Called home His chosen one to rest with Him
In peace from all his labors ;—thou art gone !
Farewell ! a fond farewell ! yet from thy dust
Shall many like thee spring at His command,
To aid Britannia in each hour of need.

END OF CANTO THREE.

Ode

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA, ON THE SUCCESS OF HER
ARMS AT LUCKNOW.

DREAD Sov'reign, hail! may all thine enemies,
Whether avowed, or who in secret plot,
Seek the destruction of thy government,
Fall ignominious, to rebel no more.
Peace be within thy borders! thou hast reigned
With mild authority, in righteousness;
Benignantly, incapable of wrong
E'en to the humblest till thy throne is fixed;
On the foundations of this sea-girt isle,
Like some tall pyramid of Classic lore
Unto its base. Throughout a long, long line
Of ancestors, illustrious, replete
With the kind virtues of domestic life;
Yet clothed with queenly dignity, art thou
The polestar of thy dynasty. Great Queen!
The idol of thy people, and the hope

Of all who love their country ; may'st thou rule
Serene, majestic, and undisturbed
By civil broils, revolts, or foreign wars ;
Thrice blest in thy retirement, and embraced
In the rich fulness of a nation's love,
To hoary age. Thy Consort, virtuous Prince,
Patron of education, science, art ;
Who wears his honours gracefully, and wins
Golden opinions from all ranks of men,
Noble, or meaner peasant : well deserved,—
Live to adorn thy court with grateful fruits,
Cull'd from the tree of knowledge, and entwine
Wreaths from Calliope, amidst the gems
That sparkle on thy crown ;—long to uphold,
By counsel sage, thy sceptre ; and when cares
Of state, that press thy royal brow, are laid
Aside ; thy privacy, with dalliance sweet,
Encircled by his merry offspring, charm.
Of whom the foremost ALBERT,—may thy son
Reign like his parent, well-beloved ; in peace
Maintain his sway,—nor till the end of time
A monarch e'er be wanting, sprung from thee,
To fill thy regal seat. With pride and love
The Prussian eagle cherish well thy gift,
The gentle British dove. Where'er the sun

Illuminates this far revolving globe,
From pole to pole, in her diurnal course,
Some portion of thy wide dominion falls
Beneath his rays. Where'er the ocean binds
His icy corslet in the frigid zone,
Or rolls his waters round that sunny land,
Where the soft breath of balmy zephyr sighs
'Mid groves of cinnamon; o'er rocky shore
And undulating coast; o'er mountain, vale;
In island, colony, dependency;
In polished circle, and in forest home
Of the rude Bushman; swells the song, the shout,
" 'Britannia rule the waves,' Britannia's Queen
For ever in the deep affection live
Of countless faithful subjects;—live to guard
Thy country's welfare,—spread thy gentle sway
In peace, and arts, and commerce;—above all,
The bulwarks of our zion to uphold,
For beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Who bring'st the Gospel-light to them that sit
In Brahma's dark idolatry.—Thy crown
Will thus to thy posterity descend
Secure and stainless, when the King of Kings
Shall call thee to inherit in its stead
A diadem of immortality."

Lines

IN MEMORY OF LIEUT. T. S. GEPPE, OF
CHELMSFORD, WHO FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED
IN THE BATTLE OF CHURPOORAH, FEBRUARY
10TH, 1858.

BEHOLD the youthful warrior! fair and strong,
Inflamed with zeal to aid his country's cause;
In manhood's prime, resigning fatherland,
The choicest comforts of a happy home,
The thousand hallowed ties that twine around,
(Heaven-born though linked to earth) the old fire-
side.

Hope gilds the prospect to his ardent eye,
And nerves his soul toward the distant shore,
Where England's empire menaced, tott'ring stands,
Imploring aid,—full many a bosom yearns
O'er the wide sea that binds the broad terrene,
For tidings of its loved ones—bids him speed,
And rank among the brave on India's plains;
Who guard Britannia's banners, bold and free;
Their breasts her bulwarks, to defend her throne.

Behold the youthful warrior! on the plain,
Where the brave sons of Britain stem the tide
Of anarchy; he stands intrepid there,
Among the foremost of that noble band,
Who rush upon the foe, at Churpoorah,
And strike for victory—not t' increase her sway,
And forge new chains for meaner race of men,
As ancient conquerors have wrought of old,
In wild ambition—lust of lawless rule;
To drag new captives at their chariot wheels,
Inscribe their names th' oppressors of mankind—
But to protect her own, redeem her fame.
Alas! he falls, e'en as the trumpet note
Of joyful triumph swells upon the ear:
They bear him from the field; no tender care
Of mother's, sister's love, attends the couch,
Where faint, the wounded hero lies, expires;
Yet there are loving hearts and gentle hands
To soothe his dying throes—brave men are there,
Stern warriors, who weep a comrade's loss,
Though not to weeping given; who grieve around,
Bathe his pale brow, and catch his parting smile.

Mourn for the fallen warrior! yet mourn not
With sorrow overmuch—bright was his course,

As meteor swift, that shoots at midnight hour
Athwart the heavens, and leaves its golden track
Amid the azure; lends its transient blaze
Awhile to the expanse, where thousand orbs,
Of fainter lustre, shine with humbler light.
He fell, brave youth, not as some brave men fell,
Surprised at social meal; or while at ease,
Inhaling the mild hookah's fragrant breath
In cool verandah; or, on bended knee,
In sacred walls, their God while worshipping;
But in the arms of glory, where the bold
Stood front to front, undaunted met the foe,—
Where Valour snatched immortal wreaths from
Fame;
And, weeping, crowned her dying hero's brow.

Thrice bless'd the youthful warrior! o'er his
tomb

Let gentle Pity breathe her fondest sighs;
And Faith, the first-born daughter of the heavens,
Wave mild her wand, and point beyond the grave;
Where, through the ages of eternity,
Mercy, white-robed, shall light her silver lamp
At seraph's beams, and high uplift the veil
That hides, from mortal eyes, the hidden springs

Of Providence,—reveal its wond'rous plan,—
Trace in its windings,—*The Eternal mind*,—
While worlds on worlds of blissful spirits join
In loud Amen. Whate'er on earth is dark
And clothed with mystery, shall there be plain.
Hope shall, enraptured, stay her eagle flight
Within the empyrean ; fold her shining wings,
And find glad rest beneath Emanuel's throne,
Content.—Eternal love, awake her lyre,
Lead the celestial choirs with golden harps,
To hymn immortal lays of praise to Him,
“ Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without
 “ end,”
Who worketh all things well for His redeemed.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

'Tis night—the golden sun hath long retired
Behind the shadows of the darkened west—
And in a humble cottage, near the sea,
A mother sits, nursing her only child ;
Expectant, for she waits the glad return
From foreign clime, of him she fondly loves,
Her husband. Sad their past estate, the lot
Of many—early wedded days—begun
With much of promise, soon had flitted by,
And sad reverses on their fate had set
The seal of poverty. So he, bold heart,
Had gone to seek in a far distant land,
The bread he could not earn with honesty
At home.—And how she counted the long days,
The weary livelong days, the weeks, the months,
The years of absence ; how, with trembling hands,

She conned each fond epistle o'er and o'er,
And read with anxious thought and sympathy,
The story of each manly effort there,
Alone—or how she prayed with truthful soul,
And hoped, still lingering on, e'en against hope,
No eye had seen but His, the Infinite.
Blest faith in woman! in the deepest gloom,
To look beyond, and trust a brighter dawn.
And now her wishes crowned—oh joy! too great
For utterance!—The good ship, “Mary Ann,”
Has reached the offing, bearing as its freight,
Her dear one. On the beach till close of day,
She wandered to and fro, watching its sails
O'er the wide ocean. Now, with restless-mien,
She whiles away, (hoping, yet fearing still,)
The few short hours that shall complete her bliss.

Gently she lays her nursling down to rest,
And softly whispers o'er its little bed,—
“Hush, hush, my child! thy father's on the sea;
He comes!—yon bark restores him to our home;”
Then, stealing to the casement, looks once more
Upon the world-wide waters. There are signs
That indicate a coming storm; the wind
Is rising, and the waves roll angrily:

Spell-bound, she watches on ;—the heavens grow
black,

Deep thunders echo o'er the raging main,
Forked lightning flashes through the midnight
shade ;

Far, on the deep, a bright red glare is seen,
Resplendent through the darkness that surrounds.

Hark ! 'tis a gun,—the signal of distress !
The ship is struck—" Fire ! Fire ! a ship on fire !"

Wildly she rushes to the neighbouring strand,

And mingles with the crowd of fishermen

Already there, scanning with troubled eye,

The boiling surface of the stormy deep.

" Is there no help ?" she cries, " what ! none ?"

Alas !

No common boat can live in such a sea.

" Then heaven be with them now ! farewell all hope !

Farewell, loved husband ! would that I could die

For thee !—Father of mercy ! in thy love

Be with the widow and her orphan child !"

Suddenly, a voice is heard

Above the roaring of the deaf'ning blast,—

" The Life-boat ! the Life-boat ! launch the Life-
boat !

Quick! man the Life-boat!"—Soon the daring crew
Are pulling through the surf with brawny arms,
Each man a Hercules. With straining eyes,
She gazes on their headlong, trackless course—
"They're lost, engulfed amid th' un pitying brine—
No! see, they rise again—they struggle on—
Borne on the foaming crest of mountain wave!—
They near the ship!—Rescue! at least, a part
Are saved." Brave spirits! England, proud art
thou

Of thy staunch mariners, and justly too.
Twice, through the wild, tempestuous elements,
Urged by undaunted hearts, and willing hands,
The Life-boat plies its perilled way, and lands
Its living burden safely on the shore.
With rapid glance, and eager scrutiny,
She marks each form in turn.—Oh! agony,
He is not there. Around the burning ship
The flames curl hideously, one mass of fire,
Mocking the lurid sky; save in one spot,
One narrow spot of deck, where human souls
Stand crowded close, intensely visible,
Clinging to rope and mast, with frantic cry,
Imploring aid from land. Quickened in zeal,
Once more the hardy boatmen brave the deep,

(Errand of mercy, fraught with life or death) .
And, thrice successful, till of all the sum
That counted on that vessel's muster roll,
Not one is wanting. Say, can fancy paint
The ecstasy of those released from death ;
The exile's long embrace ; his partner's tears
Of thankfulness ; or when in quiet home,
On bended knee, their grateful offering
Of praise, arose, wafted from earth to heaven,
By hov'ring angels ? —No ! be silent, Muse,
Such themes are sacred ; thou may'st only sing,
That while the great and noble of the earth,
Statesmen and warriors, have each their deeds
Blazoned on statue, or on marble tomb,
And oft immortalized in lofty song ;
Within two humble breasts of modest worth,
Is chronicled alone in memory's page,
The awful terrors of that fearful night:
And that in future years shall still be told,
Around their blazing hearth, on winter's eve,
A household legend, a familiar tale,—
The courage of the gallant Life-boat crew,

THE ROSE AND THORN.

THE AGED MAN PLUCKED A ROSE AND PRESENTED IT TO HIS
DAUGHTER.

BEHOLD this beauteous op'ning bud,
Nor deem it little worth;
It lifts its incense to the skies,
The fairest flower of earth.
Queen of the garden, lovely rose,
Refreshing as the morn;
Thus fair, thus bright, its slender stem
Bears many a hidden thorn.

Would'st thou inhale its balmy sweets,
Its fragrant odours breathe?
Would'st thou its thousand glowing tints
Amid thy tresses wreath?
With its pure native loveliness
Thy golden locks adorn?
Take heed! lest while you press the flower,
Your hand receive the thorn.

Yet stay! it speaks, a precept gives;
Mortals! of every grade
All pleasure is ephemeral,
And, like the rose must fade.

Whilst the dark catalogue of ills,
By human nature borne,
Reminds us—life is like the rose,
Beset with many a thorn.

In infancy, in youth, each pulse
With hope beats joyously,
And heaven's own halo gilds the scene
Of bright futurity;
But soon our sunlit skies are dark,
And we too often mourn,
That promised joys elude our grasp,
And leave behind—a thorn.

Beware ! lest when old age has come,
And wrinkles cloud thy brow,
Life, like a barren stock, shall yield
No sweets that please thee now.
Press not, too closely, the delights
From Pleasure's fountains drawn ;
Remember ! he, who lightly holds
The rose—escapes the thorn.

Transcendent gem of Nature's works,
Whose budding beauties rise,
And gladden earth in magic spell,
With hues of Paradise.

Emblem of every earthly joy,
May it our spirits warn ;
Terrestrial bliss can never be
A rose—without a thorn.

Were I to breathe a wish for thee,
Alas ! to wish is vain ;
'Twould be, that you, my dearest child,
Might ne'er feel grief or pain ;
Affliction never be thy lot,
Thy breast by anguish torn ;
In short, that life might prove to thee—
A rose without a thorn.

Remember, too, that there are fields
Where flowers immortal bloom ;
Scenes of unfading bliss, beyond
The portals of the tomb.
Strive, earnestly, by faith and prayer,
To win that heavenly bourn,
Where every holy joy shall prove—
A rose without a thorn.

TRUE BEAUTY.

A FRAGMENT.

It was not beauty, such as poets dream,
Or artists love to pencil, finely drawn,

With nicely chiselled brow, and raven locks ;
A skin of alabaster ; features set,
And limned in fair proportions, in the pure
Undeviating style of Grecian mould ;
That won his heart : these have their charms for
all.

Her eyes were bright—not beautiful—and spake,
(For they did speak) a gen'rous flow of soul ;
And when she smiled, her very smile so sweet,
Seemed to diffuse new joys,—her words were few,
Harmoniously blended in soft tones,
And wisely chosen—rich, and full of point ;
Her mien was graceful ; every action teemed
With pious reverence and charity,—
Sure indication, that within her breast
Heaven's high and holy influence reigned supreme.
And wheresoe'er she moved, there seemed to move
The gentle spirit of another sphere—
The realm of love.

THE SICK CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

LEAVE me not, Mother ! let thy gentle hands
Still circle me in tenderness and love !

Upon thy bosom let me rest in peace
My weary head! yet closer still! the night
Is cold and drear; dark shadows flit,
And unknown faces peer around my bed
When thou art gone; dear mother! leave me not!

Mother! sometimes I dream of happy scenes;
Of valleys drest in everlasting green,
Where spring dies not, and winter never comes:
Of sunny skies; and of another home,
Where all is loveliness, and beauty blooms
Complete; such as I never see, awake!—
While blissful angels, hov'ring round me, chant
The strains of praise, my lips have learned from
thee.

Mother! if death should snatch me from thee
now!

Wilt thou not meet me in that happy land?
And tread with me the verdant hills of heaven?—
Say, hath it temples like the domes of earth?
And is death banished from its purer glades?
Shall we meet father there? and all the friends
We loved so fondly, while enchained below?

Mother! I used to sit upon thy knee,
At eventide! thy daily labour o'er,

And thou hast formed my infant lips to prayer !
Oh ! pray beside me now, as thou wert wont !
Or sing once more that sweet consoling hymn,
That oft has hushed me on a winter's eve !
Mother ! dear mother ! sing yet once again,
And softly lull me in thine arms to rest !

THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

I LOVE thee, old cathedral !
Thy venerable spire,
Thy sunlit aisles, thy chequered roof,
Thine organ's peal, and choir !
For, o'er and o'er, thy timeworn stones
My father's footsteps trod ;
Through many a century, within
Thy walls,—they worshipped God.

I love thee, old cathedral !
Thy sacred precincts raise
Within my breast a holy joy,
A chastened theme of praise.
I love thy solemn services,
To thee of old belong,

Resounding through thy spacious dome,
The anthem's noble song.

And round thee, old cathedral,
Hath clung from days of yore,
Full many a legend, bright and old,
Of customs now no more;
Of gorgeous wealth and panoply,
Of knight and pilgrim's shrine,
Of solemn fasts and festivals,
Their day and their decline.

I love thee, old cathedral!
The relics of thy dead,
Thy trophies, and thy monuments,
Shall e'er be hallowed:
For there the mightiest and the best
Of earth in honor lay;
Their antique tombs may, crumbling, fall,
Their names can ne'er decay.

Long may'st thou, old cathedral,
In lofty grandeur rise;
Within my native land uprear
Thy turrets to the skies.
No sacrilegious hand be found,
To dim thy sacred fane;

And England, while she worships, still
Thine ancient walls retain.

ON RETURNING A LEAD PENCIL.

My youthful friend, in playful mood I took
This trifle from thee, and in friendship's book,
Love's fond remembrancer would read, and fain
Redeem the pledge I gave, in humble strain.
I'll sing the lot I wish thee :—may'st thou be
As fortunate as may be *good* for thee ;
Zealous in virtue's paths, yet not a drone ;
Thy life an innocent but joyous one.
A mod'rate share of this dull world's estate ;
Lest you neglect a better—not too great.
Be happy in thy social ties, the best ;
Of earth, without them none can here be blest.
Enjoying health, God's greatest gift to man ;
Abuse it not, for no one safely can.
These all possessing, love and friendship too,
(This last I ever hope to share with you.)
Here, on this earthly ball, may'st thou attain
A good old age ; then, rise with God to reign.

When worlds, convulsed, in horrid torture roll,—
And awful thunders shake the guilty soul ;—
Glories eternal be thy portion then,
Among the chosen, the redeemed of men ;
Bright be thy waking on the trumpet morn ;
Thy home, for ever, with the heavenly born ;
This be thy lot,—and let our earnest prayer
Ascend, that we may meet each dear friend there.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

It chanced, that roaming through the broad
highway,
A shout I heard, and cries tumultuous ;
And wond'ring much what fervid ecstasy
Could move to stimulate the loud acclaim—
Aside my quickened steps I turned, to view
The cause, (if cause might be) of wild applause.
Nor long I sought : upon a platform, decked
With quaint devices of malignant aim,
Rude banners flaunting with opprobrious hate,
Foul insult, jest obscene, and vile sarcasm
Against the high, and good, and wise ; there stood
A dwarfish man, who, pacing to and fro,

Gave utterance to most unholy thoughts,
Petulant ravings of intense desire
To abrogate all social order. He was apt
At all those cunning arts and quips of speech,
Wherewith the ill-disposed and restless, oft
Mislead the multitude; and when he spake,
His turgid cheeks swelled with big sounding
words,
Senseless, yet fraught with danger to the boors
That gaped around in rustic ignorance.
He railed against his country with foul zest;
Abused her institutions; called her base;
And ridiculed, with sick'ning blasphemy,
The golden epochs that have made her great,
Renowned among the nations of the earth.
And as he paced, shaking his pompous head
In mimic grandeur, his shrill, piping voice
Rose high above the throng,—“Were he in power,
He'd manage all things well; revise the laws,
Uproot the monarchy, and scatter wide,
Throughout the land, the old nobility,
As wand'ring mendicants from door to door;
Commerce re-animate, bring wealth to all;
Equality and liberty proclaim;
Knowledge the only power revered on earth,

Reason the only god—Freedom should then,
Bursting despotic chains of priests and kings,
Bid from corruption's fall, Utopia rise.”
And ever and anon, in crafty guise,
He did so garnish truth and mingle it
With falsehood in his loose and frothy words,
That sober men, of mod'rate intellect,
Were oft beguiled to vex their simple minds
With the crude fancies of his frenzied brain.
Pernicious to the common weal was he ;
Insidious, dang'rous counsellor of ill
To honest peasants, whom with discontent
And envious seeds of jealousy he filled,
Against the skill and opulence, from which
They gained their daily bread—untrustful these
Became to their employers ; who, aloof
Held from such proud, infatuated men,
Illiterate, who knew not what or why
They cheered so lustily. And as I marked
The idle, thievish group that stood around,
Their tattered garments flutt'ring in the breeze,
I saw them wave their ragged caps on high,
At each fresh burst of blasphemy, and shout—
“ Good, knave ! well said ; we will be slaves no
more.”

•

Misguided mind ! can no judicious friend
Stay thy career, and hush thy swelling roar
Of impious folly, with the just restraint
That wasted intellect and shattered thought
Claim at the hand of heaven-born charity ?
Yet art thou conscious of the ill thou dost,
For in thy trait'rous breast thou hast an aim,
A deadly one ;—thy soul hath vilely warped
The noblest gift of God, to basest ends.
Pursue thy wretched course of villany,
Utter thy maledictions far and wide,
Yet shalt thou fail ; the pillars of the state
Are firmly fixed on true and faithful hearts,—
All loyal men regard thee with disdain.

SONG :
THE RAINCLOUD.

RAINCLOUD ! thou wast born mid the blaze of
day,
Of old ocean's waves, where the dolphins play ;
And thy shadowy form uprose to the sky,
A gorgeous and sunlit canopy.
Hail, raincloud ! hail to thee,
Giant child of the briny sea !

All nature is needing thy cooling streams,
For the sun hath scorched all with his fiery beams;
No gems deck the grasses, no pearly drops lie
In the cup of the flow'ret, for famine is nigh.

Hail, &c.

Raincloud ! thou shalt ride, and thy fountains pour
Where red lightnings flash, and deep thunders
roar ;

'Mid the darkness of night, thy thrice welcome
showers

Shall wake to new gladness the herbage and flowers.

Hail, &c.

Raincloud ! many eyes have been watching for
thee ;

Many hearts shall rejoice thine advent to see ;
For thy treasures shall spread o'er valley and field,
That, clothed with new verdure, rich harvests shall
yield.

Hail, &c.

All hail, then, oh raincloud ! all hail to thee,
Thou gigantic child of the briny sea !

Hope of the husbandman, joy of the earth,
That crownest with beauty a land of dearth.

Hail, &c.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET midnight serenader of the groves !
The burden of thy heaven-taught melody,
So wild and varied, stirs my ravished soul
To a new theme of praise ; to Him, who gave
Thee, gentle Philomel, the gift of song.
Hark ! to her music warbled in the glade,
Now sighing softly to the list'ning moon,
That walks in modest glory through the sky,
Guardian of night,—now swelling on the breeze,
Till hill and dale repeat the liquid strain !
Queen of the sylvan songsters ! from thy notes
The mind ascends to nobler concerts, where
The chorus of ten thousand white-robed choirs,
In wond'ring echo, wakes the crystal dome,
The arch of heaven.—Methinks I hear the sound
Of golden harps, celestial, seraph-tuned,
Wafted ethereal, from star to star—
In holiest cadence, lost amid the bounds,
The chartless confines of infinity.
Child of mortality ! dar'st thou to raise
Thy humble aspirations to His throne,
Whom throngs of angels worship day and night
Unceasingly ? Thou may'st ; for round His seat,
The mercy seat, the spirits of just men,

Made perfect, sing His praises ; and from earth,
Songs of thanksgiving rise from all His saints,
In raptured accents, offering of love,
Sanctified by His Spirit—through His Son,
Accepted as a fitting sacrifice :
Yea, He hath said, that from the mouth of babes
And sucklings He ordaineth perfect praise.

LINES IN MEMORY OF ADELAIDE,
DOWAGER QUEEN OF WILLIAM IV.

FAREWELL Britannia's much loved Queen ! thy
corse

The cold tomb covers, and thy sleeping dust
Lies silent, where no ruthless hand shall e'er
Disturb thy calm repose. No more to thee
The sceptred pageantry of throne and power
Can now avail.—Thy glitt'ring diadem
Exchanged for one of brighter, purer gems,
Than all the costly diamonds that decked
Thy brow on earth.—Thyself attendant now,
In that blest palace, where the Uncreate,
Monarch of monarchs holds His court, unveiled.
Nor envious tongue, nor calumny, nor care

Can shed within the glorious precincts
A baleful influence. Thrice happy thou,
Whose life was charity—whose end was peace.

The muffled peal, the dark habiliment
Of public mourning, and Britannia's tears,
Attest how well she loved thee—and thy name
Shall live upon the page of history :
Not blazoned with the fame of mighty deeds,
Or skill in court intrigue ;—but nobler far,
As one whose virtues in the highest state
Of earthly dignity, a monarch's sphere,
Shone brightly forth ; nor less when called again
Back to the quietude of private life ;
Content, within its dull obscurity,
Though not obscure, unmutm'ring, to resign
The pomp and homage of thy regal sway ;
To spend thy latter days in pious acts,
The gen'rous friend of poverty and woe.

Blest lot ! and when, hereafter, men shall pass
The costly monument, the sculptured stone,
That marks the narrow spot of sacred earth,
Where rests thy peaceful clay,—shall softly tread,
And pausing, say, “ Here wait, in glorious hope

Of immortality, the archangel's blast,
The trumpet of the resurrection morn,
The relics of a Christian Queen—here lie,
The loved remains of Adelaide the Good."

LINES ON THE DAY OF GENERAL
THANKSGIVING FOR THE ABATEMENT
OF THE CHOLERA—1849.

WHEN Pestilence throughout our land had
stalked
Like some grim tyrant, conqu'ring whom he
would ;
Laying the mighty low, the rich, the poor,
The old and young ; and human aid was sought
Alas ! too oft in vain ; when round our hearths,
The living trembling stood, awe-struck, and
mourned
The dying and the dead ; and each one asked,
But asked himself, in vain, whether on him
Another sun should blaze—or on his tomb—
'Twas then the earnest aspiration rose
From crowded altars, to the Great Triune,
In humblest accents—Spare, in pity spare
Our guilty land, nor let Thy chast'ning wrath
Burn yet more fiercely ; for Thy promise stands

•

Firmly secure, "That whensoever prayer
Or supplication shall be made from earth
To heaven, Thy dwelling-place—Thine ear attent,
Shall hear," nor scorn the guilty suppliant's cry.
'Twas heard and answered; from Thy lofty throne,
Celestial mercy spread her silver wings,
And took her willing flight down to this globe.
The plague was stayed; and now from thousand
tongues,

From palace and from cot, and from the place
Where we are wont to meet and worship God,
The song of praise in holiest cadence swells,—
And Christian England bids the world behold
A nation bow the knee in gratitude.
Oh! let not this suffice! let not this day
Be soon forgotten; nor the trifling gift
Of gold or silver, offering of thanks,
Be thought enough to pay kind heaven the debt
We owe for mercies past; but let each man
To fellow man, in love and charity
Be more unite; while acts of piety,
And faith, and kindnesses from all to all,
Prove our sincerity.—Thus shall we best
Prevent God's wrath, and 'scape in future years
His fiery scourge, the noisome pestilence.

STRUGGLE ON.

CHRISTIAN soldier struggle on,
Ere the fire of youth be gone ;
Bend thine energies aright ;
Strive, endued with heavenly might ;
Let thy spirit feel the beauty
Of a soul well nerved for duty,
Though ungodly men repute thee,
Scorned by them.

Youth may be begirt with ill,
Grief thy cup of misery fill ;
Manhood bring thee sterner woes,
Age thy course with sadness close ;
Aim the blessedness of feeling,
O'er thy chastened spirit stealing,
Less of earth—to thee revealing
More of heaven.

Prospects may be dark and dreary,
Heart and hands grow faint and weary,—
Live the precepts learned in youth,
Never leave the paths of truth ;
Darkest clouds shall pass away,
Blackest night give place to day,

•

Sunshine break with golden ray,
Struggle on.

Faith shall aid, with strength divine ;
Hope, with heaven-trimmed lamp shall shine
O'er thy path in life or death ;
Seraphs catch thy latest breath ;
Thousand saints thine advent greeting,
When thy pulse with anguish beating,
Thou from earth and time retreating,
Thy struggles o'er.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(A SIMPLE TALE IN IRREGULAR METRE.)

ONE Christmas eve the night was drear,
The air blew cold and keen,
And snowflakes fell in quick'ning clouds,
As fast as e'er was seen ;
The biting blast wailed loud and shrill,
With noisy echo o'er vale and hill ;
And many a house-wife heard the sound,
And gathered her children closer round

Her warm fireside, while she piled on high,
The faggot wood blazing cheerily.

A noble sat in his drawing-room,
Conning the fav'rite page,
Of poet or historian,
Divine or ancient sage ;
But the more he read, the less his mind,
To follow the author felt inclined ;
Some hidden influence seemed to steal
Over his spirit,—apt to feel
For the stricken sons of poverty,
Shadowed with want and misery.

The noble turned in his easy chair,
With thoughtful, anxious look,
His fancy for study had passed away,
He rose, and closed his book ;
And throwing his mantle o'er his form,
He left his drawing-room close and warm ;
And sallying forth this wintry night,
He paced his way 'mid a blaze of light,
Through the crowded streets,—yet scarce knew
why,
For his own fireside blazed cheerily.

It may be, that kind heaven to some
A special message sends
To work its will, and to their acts
A special guidance lends ;
Thus while he passed through lane and street,
Where many an urchin with busy feet,
Trode nimbly on in childish glee,
And longed for to-morrow's revelry ;
And dreamed as he walked with bright'ning eye,
Of the Christmas log blazing cheerily ;

He saw a half-clad, half-starved child,
Gazing with anxious thought,
And woe spread o'er his wistful face,
At the viands others bought ;
Who, while he gazed, his little breast,
In heaving sighs his sad lot confessed ;
That to him the season brought no joy,
For he was but a poor and hungry boy ;
That for him Christmas eve, with its gaiety,
Brought no fireside blazing cheerily.

The noble paused, and looked awhile,
For pity had beguiled
His gen'rous soul, and thus addressed

The careworn sorrowing child :—
“Tell me, my little wandering son :
Hath Christmas eve for thee no fun ;—
No bright rejoicings ;—why thine heart,
Amid its merriment bears no part ;—
Why canst thou not with others cry :
Hail, Christmas eve ! blazing cheerily ? ”

The child looked up with modest glance,
And scanned the noble's face ;
And o'er his visage quickly ran
The mantling blush apace ;
For there's a magic in mercy's tone,
That, however the heart may feel sad and lone,
Seems to fathom the hidden depths within,
From its darkest caverns in love to win
Its secrets—though, too oft, they lie
In the deepest recesses of misery.

The softened accents touched his soul,
And he made this sad reply,
With shaking frame and quivering lip,
While the tear drop dimmed his eye :
“Alas ! to me this mirthful night
Brings nought to gladden my aching sight ;
The season that brings to others joy

•

Mocks but the eye of the hungry boy ;
Amid its glad festivity,
For me no hearth blazes cheerily.

“ In yonder house, in yonder lane,
My poor sick father lies ;
My mother round his pallet waits,
To soothe his anguish tries.
No food has she,—no fire,—no friend,
With pitying bosom an ear to lend ;
And o’er her tale of calamity
Drop the sweet tear of sympathy ;
Comfort her little ones that cry
For a fireside blazing cheerily.

“ For we are very, very poor ;
Kind fortune hath not smiled
For many a day within our home,
On parent or on child.
And while to-morrow’s sun may bring
To others bliss,—I am wondering,
Whether, on such a happy day,
A barren crust may chance find its way
To us, from where festivity
Rings high, round a fire blazing cheerily.”

The noble bent toward the child,
(Of noble soul was he ;
And they speak falsely who assert
The rich lack charity ;)
For o'er his breast had spread the glow
That only loving spirits can know ;
Bidding him haste to point the way
Where his poor suffering father lay,
He quickly reached the garret high
Where no Christmas fire blaz'd cheerily .

There, like some heavenly messenger,
On deed of mercy sent,
With gentle mien, and feeling heart,
An ear of pity lent ;
Provided quick with liberal zeal,
Physician, fuel, and healthful meal ;
Promise of future aid supplied ;
Then knelt and prayed by the sick man's side ;
Dispelled the shades of misery
From this wretched abode of poverty .

Oh ! hadst thou heard the whispered prayer
As the noble left his bed,
The sick man breathed to the Holy One,

For blessings on his head ;
The tearful thanks the faithful wife
Sobbed o'er the loved partner of her life ;
Within that humble chamber stood,—
Hadst learned the rapture of **DOING GOOD** :
E'en the children lisped in ecstasy
His name,—round their fire blazing cheerily.

The morrow came, and in his hall,
Chief of the festive board,
The noble sat with those he loved,
And all wealth could afford ;
And while the fire blazed fierce and high,
And the sparks flew fast and merrily ;
He, smiling, viewed each glist'ning eye
That laughed in the Christmas revelry ;
And traced in each the type of joy
Diffused in the home of the hungry boy.

And there went up an angel form
To the bright realms above,
Who wrote within a holy book
The noble's deed of love.
And there went forth a soft, sweet voice,
Bidding the sons of mercy rejoice ;

For, that a cup of water given
In faith—to one with deep anguish riven,
Should never unrewarded be,
Nor forgotten throughout eternity.

THE LULLABY.

(A FACT.)

THE morning was fair, 'twas a summer sky ;
A mother sat hushing her infant to rest ;
The sun in the azure shone gloriously,
As fondly she pressed the babe close to her breast.
She heeded not danger—yet danger was nigh
To change to sad wailing, her soft lullaby.

A tempest arose, how swiftly it sped ;
And dark shadows spread far o'er mountain and
grot ;
Forked lightnings flashed fast round her innocent's
bed ;
Loud thunders pealed over the mother's lone cot ;
Though trembling, she hushed him, for danger
was nigh,
She ceased not one moment her soft lullaby.

Once more she bent o'er him, and breathing a
prayer,
As the tempest still rolled in its fury above,—
One flash more severe had swept through the air,
And his spirit had fled to the regions of love ;
Another quick followed ;—with one gentle sigh,
The mother had died, and her soft lullaby.

LIFE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

OH ! hast thou ever walked upon the shore,
The pebbled shore, on summer's morn, and viewed
The bright sun gilding o'er its tranquil waves ?
How lovely ! Scarce a breath disturbs the calm
Of ocean's bosom.—Vessels glide along,
With sunlit sails, and all creation beams
One happy scene of harmony and love.
The day revolves, and perhaps at eventide,
Fierce winds arise, and lash the foaming main
In billows mountains high ;—dark clouds portend,
And rolling thunders peal athwart the heavens,
Till nature, plunged in universal war,
Rebels against herself ; and many a sail,
That cut the waters in the noontide fair,

Proudly, and bravely,—now a wreck—engulfed,—
Or tempest-tossed, a wanderer o'er the deep.
And such is life: 'neath childhood's morning sun,
Our bark floats gaily o'er the sea of time;
All seems serene and bright; but soon 'tis dark,
And darker still to most, as time rolls on
Apace, and ushers in the night of age.
Happy the man, who, by a heavenly chart,
Hath steered his course; whose anchor, firmly fixed
Within the Rock of Ages,—rides at last,
Securely havened, where alone is peace,—
While thousands—lost.—

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

FAREWELL! sweet spirit, thou hast found a
home;
A haven free from storms—a cloudless sky;
A bright abode amid ethereal light.
Breathe softly, zephyrs, o'er the resting place,
Where we have laid in peace her mortal part,
Heir-loom from Adam—it shall rise again;
For on that aged brow, now cold in death,
The second Adam, too, hath set His seal;

Yes, it shall rise again immortally,
Bright in His image, with the mighty dead.

Though nature pine, and deep emotions swell,
Let grief be hallowed! heaving breast, be still!
Thought, centre on the spirit's blest estate
Of life and love, of vast eternal bliss!—
That lies not here. This frail and mould'ring form
Is but the casket that contained the gem;
Yet as such, it is dear, and we will keep
This narrow spot of earth—thy quiet grave—
Still sacred to thy name.

No monumental stone, no lofty shrine,
No quaint device of man, no artist's skill,
We need to mark the simple grassy mound
That rises o'er thee, in the churchyard sod;
For thou shalt live upon the unfading page
Of sweet remembrances; and age shall bring
With each succeeding year that rolls its course
Along th' unfathomed destiny of time,
Some record of thy love.

Mother, we weep not now in grief for thee,
But bless the hand that spared thee here so long;—
And while we gaze upon thine upward flight,

Our senses long to pierce thy blest retreat ;
 Our thoughts expand, our bosoms swell with hope,
 To follow thee to the bright realms above,
 Once more to meet thee in the world of love.

THE TRAVELLER TO HIS NATIVE SPOT.

WHILE thought remains can I forget
 The island home that gave me birth ?
 To me it ever must remain
 The fairest spot in all the earth.
 I've traversed wide from pole to pole,
 The prairies of the far, far west ;
 The silent Pampas of the south ;
 Have climbed the Andes' towering crest ;
 The summits of the rocky peaks,
 Beyond the broad Atlantic swell ;
 The snow-capt mountain steeps that guard
 The birth-place of the patriot Tell ;
 Reposed, luxuriously, beneath
 The skies of sunny Italy ;
 Amid the vines of beauteous France,
 Cradle of far-famed chivalry ;
 The verdure of that fairy land,
 Where the sweet flow'rets never fade ;

Beneath the lofty forest boughs,
Where the huge Selva spreads her shade.

Have steered my lonely bark around
Isles of the ocean far away ;
The icy barriers of the north,
Where winter holds perpetual sway.

Have breathed awhile the sweet perfumes
That waft upon the Indian wave ;
The odours of the spicy groves,
Where the Arabian waters lave.

The temples of the gorgeous East,
Egypt, with ancient pyramid,

The olive yards of the Levant,
Spain, rich in legends of thy Cid,

The sacred plains of Palestine,

The highways of the wilderness,

The date-clad shores of Barbary,

Sahara and thine oases,

I have trodden o'er,—yet other lands,

Whate'er their joys. I envy not ;

Whate'er "thy faults I love thee still,"

Dear Albion—my native spot.

Thy chalky cliffs, thy verdant meads,

Thy gentle slopes, and lovely dells,

Thy rural scenes, and vane-tipped spires,
The music of thy village bells,
The thousand warblers of thy glades,
Thy golden harvests ripe with grain,
My father's ivy covered cot,—
When shall I greet ye all again ?
My bosom yearns with fond desire
To fill once more the old oak chair,
In chimney corner, high ensconced,
To listen to the loved ones there.
Land of the noble, bold, and free !
My spirit longs to view thy shore,
To tread thy much-loved soil again—
But if I never see thee more,—
Long may thy navies ride supreme ;
Thy banner wave o'er every sea ;
And thou thy mission still fulfil,
Guardian of truth and liberty.

THE FUNERAL.

(A SKETCH.)

'Twas hallowed ground, a consecrated spot ;
For in it lay in peace, the ashes of
Six hundred years or more, and ancient tombs,

And grave-stones, worn away with lapse of time,
Studded the scene. Here stood his monument,
Who, in this busy world, played no mean part;
And by its side, the humble resting-place
Of one, scarce known beyond his own fireside;
While there, the high-railed vault enclosed within,
A warrior's or a statesman's dust, with full
Inscription of his worth and noble deeds,
That won him fair renown. Beneath this mound
A rich man, and 'neath that a peasant lay;
Beyond, in tiny unpretending knolls,
A row of infant graves—'fit emblem these
Of the uncertainty of human life,
And all its griefs and joys—duration short,
Or at the best, ephemeral and vain.
Above, in solitary grandeur reared,
The old church tower, begirt with ivy, strong
And green, the clinging tendrils firmly fixed
Into its lofty sides. The antique dial,
And vane-tipped spire—dimmed relics of the past,
Reflected, with soft melancholy light,
The rays of the retiring sun. Deep-toned
And slow, the bell boomed forth its solemn knell;
It was the hour of sepulture, and I
Remained spectator of the coming scene.

Along the gravell'd walk, marched pensively
The undertaker, followed by the corse,
Borne on men's shoulders, with the mourners next,
In funerèal order, to the aisle
Appointed for reception of the dead ;
They were but two—an aged pair—and wept
An only daughter, snatched away by death,
In life's bright summer. She had been to them
The light of their declining years,—the last
Loved link that bound them to this lower world.
In infancy, her childish prattle oft
Beguiled the long and dreary winter's eve,
And cheered their lowly cottage-home with smiles.
When warmer sunlight, in the genial Spring,
Danced o'er their little patch of ground, she
strewed

Its beds with flowers, and twined the jessamine
With fairy fingers, round the latticed porch
That graced their humble door. In growing years
And bloom of womanhood, at hour of prayer,
Morning and evening, she had read to them
The fav'rite chapters, and the chosen hymns
They loved so well ; and when the Sabbath came,
Guided their tottering steps, with zealous care,
And rare solicitude, to God's own house,

In patient tenderness. Hers, too, the hand*
That plied the household needle ; in the morn,
Lighted the cottage fire, and through the day,
With busy animation and forethought,
Prepared the homely meal ; each tedious
Domestic duty quietly performed,
Fondly anticipating every wish
And want of her decrepit mother. Kind,
Yet unobtrusive, was her daily walk
And manner,—well she served her God
Within her lowly station ; piously
She revered His name ; and to the poor,
Her neighbours, oft such well-timed aid supplied
Her slender means admitted of, and they
Were grateful, lovingly returned her love,
And spake of her as one too good to dwell
Long in this world of trial.—Where the sick
Lay hopeless, sad, and lingering, and racked
In dying agonies, her footsteps went,
With many a dainty nicety prepared
With care, in skilful culinary art,
To lull the throbbing pain ; or whispered words
Of comfort to the doubting, contrite heart,—
Angelic consolations o'er the bed
Of death,—with little gentle arts and acts

Of unassuming kindness, aimed to cheer
The sorrowing survivors. Blessed lot
And frame of being! preparation bright
For the celestial mansions, life of faith,
And unreserved obedience to that law,
The Saviour's-greatest, first command to man:—
“Love one another, and do good to all,
Even as I am love.” What wonder, then,
They mourned her loss? Slowly the minister
Read, feelingly, the service for the dead;
I followed to the grave, and saw her laid
In her dark, narrow home. Many were there
Of lowly station,—simple cottagers,
And female friends who knew her well, and wished,
With laudable desire and honest zeal,
To render some slight token of regard
To her last obsequies: in silence, sad,
Respectful and attentive—some in tears,—
They stood around. The coffin lowered down,
Many pressed forward, quietly, to take
A farewell glimpse; sighing, as they retired,
Their deep regrets, and praying they might end
Their days like her, in humble faith and peace.

I LOVE TO GAZE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

I LOVE to gaze when the orbs of light,
Illume, in their beauty, the gloom of night,
And trace their bright paths through the vaulted
sky,

With silent, yet solemn minstrelsy.

I love to gaze when darkness hath fled,
When the risen sun on his course hath sped,
And, in gorgeous array, his light displays,
Gladd'ning the earth with genial rays.

I love to gaze, but with shrinking eye,
As the ocean rolls in her majesty,
While dashing her waves o'er some lofty steep,
A crest of wild foam crowns the swelling deep.

I love to gaze when seeming at rest,
Scarce a breath or a ripple disturbs her breast,
And studded with sails from a distant land,
Her waters lave gently the shell-decked strand.

I love to gaze on an infant at rest,
As fondly it clings to its mother's breast;
Emblem of innocence, emblem of love!
Linking this earth with the mansions above.

I love to gaze on an old man's brow,
Though grief for his lost ones may cloud it now,
When silver'd with 'age, his grey locks confess
His glory—a crown of righteousness.

Where'er there are wonders in earth or sea,
I delight to gaze with humility ;
And, worshipping, trace in the wond'rous plan,
The love that hath formed such a world for man.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

I SAW him as he bent in earnest prayer
Before the altar, in the holy place,
Devoting him to service of his God,—
The seraph fire, descending from on high,
Touched his rapt soul with ecstasy divine ;
And when he rose, and through the sacred aisle
The pealing anthem swelled its notes of praise,
He stood, ordained, a Christian minister.

I saw him in the ancient edifice,
Amid the congregation of the saints,
Crowds worshipping ;—in solemn, thrilling tones,
Rehearsed the liturgy, that legacy
Our ancestors bequeathed in ages gone,

A priceless heritage ;—with energy
Displayed the Christian's duty and his hope ;
Spake much of mercy and repentance, faith
And righteousness ; with mystic skill
Pourtrayed the terrors of a broken law,
The science of redemption, and His love
Who first devised the God-like wond'rous scheme
To save our fallen nature from His wrath ;
And while his soul inspired the lofty theme,
E'en hoary sinners wept, and aged saints
Were strengthened, and drew comfort from his
words.

I saw him in his home and daily walk ;
Around his door there gathered oft at morn
The lone and sorrowing,—his charity
Was known to all men, oft outstripped his means,
None went and came in vain—within his ear
The widow poured her melancholy plaint ;
In him the orphan found a steadfast friend ;
The rich and poor a faithful monitor ;
And all a special minister of good.
True shepherd of the flock—he wrought the work
Of an evangelist : firm to reprove,
And yet, withal, so filled with gentleness,
That e'en his sternest words were breathed in love :

Dying, despairing men, with kindling hope,
Beheld him kneel and intercede for them—
Believed—and blessed him as they died forgiven.
He was a sun within a universe
Of souls immortal, that diffused its rays
On all with genial influence ; whose sweet
Attractive power drew all men heavenward ;
For e'en the scoffer hushed the impious oath
Whene'er he passed, and felt within his breast
Some secret longings for the holiness
That awed his blasphemy, some undefined
Emotions of a better sort.—He preached
And lived the truth ; himself the evidence,
The pattern of the precepts he proclaimed,—
And blazed, a beacon shining o'er the dark
Of earth, to light the guilty wandering soul.
To the bright regions of eternal day.

I saw him once again, but ah, how changed !
His spirit had put off its mortal garb,
Its earthly garment—stood before the gate
Of highest glory—wide the portals ope'd,
The golden portals of the inner heaven ;
And forth, a shining band, with shouts of joy,
Hastened to bear him to the Saviour's seat.
Around him many he had loved on earth,

And taught the path of piety and life,
Waved high their palms of victory, and told
How patient, and how faithful he had been.
And as they neared the empyreal throne,
The first Archangel, herald of the heavens,
Gave forth this mandate to the hosts around :—
“Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of light! Behold
The servant of the Lord!” And from the bounds
Of the infinitude of perfect bliss,
The crystal arches rang with songs of praise ;
Angels, archangels, martyrs, patriarchs,
Prophets, apostles, and a glorious throng
Of ev’ry age, from ev’ry distant clime,
And tribe, and tongue, of the remotest globe,
In pealing hallelujahs, echoed wide
The raptured strain—“Glory to God on high!
Hosanna to the Lamb, the Son of God,
Redeemer of mankind!”—And on his head
A crown of heaven-wrought diamonds was set,
Engraved with the eternal heraldry
And signature—the seals of ransomed souls—
The first-fruits of his ministry below :
And there, for ever, shall he sit and reign,
In saintly robes of purest white arrayed,
A hierarch—a king and priest to God.

SLAVERY.

BREATHES here a man within this seagirt isle,
Where freedom rules, (not the dull counterfeit
That anarchists adore) who doth not blush,
Whose ardent bosom doth not burn with shame
For his humanity, that there are fiends
In human form, who, for base thirst of gold,
Traffic in flesh and blood—who buy and sell
For gain, the image of the Deity,
Fall'n though it be? what though the burning
sun,

With partial beams, hath tinged the negro's brow
A darker shade than thine! remember still
He is thy brother, born of Adam's race,—
Within his veins the circling crimson stream
Leaps with the same glad love of liberty
As thine; and dear to him his native woods,
His childhood's home, where in fantastic garb,
Nature, profuse, her choicest hues displays,
As to thy soul all that thou hold'st most dear.

Sweet Albion! my heart feels proud of thee,
Thy just decree engraved in lines of light,
Thou wilt not own a slave. Through the whole
earth

Thy voice hath echoed, and thy navies swept
The rolling waves to set the captive free.
Where the Brazilian waters lift their crest,
To the cerulean, thy hand hath stayed
The hideous barter; and on Afric's coast,
Thousands on thousands join to hail thy name,
Their great deliv'rer, and rejoice in thee,
Friend of humanity, and the poor negro slave.

But thou, Oh land! where Mississippi pours
Its headlong flood into the western gulf,—alas!
Vain is thy boast:—"cradle of liberty."
The deep dark bloodspot of the African
Dims all the splendour of thy stripes and stars;
And o'er the main, borne on each heaving surge,
The horrid deathwail of some tortured slave
Sighs to the East to break his galling chain,
And loose his manacles. For thee a day,
Perchance a little day of mercy waits,
That thou may'st purge thy soul the guilty stain,—
Within thy bosom smoulders—soon may burst—
A huge volcano, fierce with vengeful ire,
And to their centre shake thy pride and power,
With ruin dire o'erwhelm thy fair domain;
Be early wise,—Heaven warns not man in vain—
Do justice; and, repentant, stay thy doom.

Methought that in the watches of the night,
When balmy slumber seals the eyes of men,
A vision passed before my wondering gaze :—
Age had lapsed ; and 'neath thy fostering care
Isle of the free, where once the savage chief
Waved his tall plume, and led the midnight raid,
Cities had reared their towers and palaces ;
Civilization spread her beams afar ;
Commerce enriched the lonely wilderness :
In the full port where many a burdened ship
Reared her tall masts, and spread her canvass out,
The hardy boatman plied his swift canoe,
Fearless and free as the wild waves that dashed
Their feathery foam upon the sandy shore ;
Within his fertile field the husbandman
Toiled through the livelong day, reclined at eve
Secure within his hut ; the hoary sire
Beheld his children's children round his hearth,
And bared his silvered locks and bowed his heart
In gratitude to heaven ; the matron sat
Within her cottage bower and saw her babes
Bask in the sun, nor feared some ruthless hand
Should steal her treasures ; 'neath the spreading
palm
The ebon swain whispered his amorous tale,

And wooed and won the bashful village maid ;
There, in each rural vale, the Sabbath bells
Chimed their sweet music on the balmy breeze,
And the mild precepts of redeeming love
Banished idolatry ; throughout the land
Reigned peace and plenty, harmony and joy.

Methought a host of foemen gathered round
My island home. Anon, the tidings came
To Africa—the nations of the earth,
Combined, had sworn “Britain should be no more,”
Wide from her farthest bounds, her desert wilds,
Her stalwart sons rushed to her golden strands,
And swift their barks sped o’er the willing sea,
Their watchword “Albion,” and as they neared
Her leaguered cliffs, and leaped upon her shores,
Their dark stern warrior-bands pressed to the
front,
Their swarthy breasts glowing like burnished steel,
A living shield, firm as the unyielding rock,—
Where’er the battle raged, waved in the van
The ostrich pinion : echoed bold and clear
The fierce war-cry—“ Sons of the desert, on !
Strike for the land that freed our captive race !”
And thus Britannia from her death-throes rose,

Aided by gratitude and faithful love,
Anteus-like, more powerful than of yore

Heed not, my country, those who counsel ill,
Who calculate the paths of Providence
By compass and by rule ; who fain thy hand
Would stay, and leave the negro to his fate.
There is a law, firm as the central point
On which our globe revolves, eternal, fixed,
Bright as the radiant bow that decks the heavens,
Writ with a sunbeam on the ways of men,—
Nations, like individuals, shall reap
Whate'er they sow. ● Where'er a nation rules
In equity, she shines a beacon-star
To all the human race.—Britain, shine on,
Dear native land ! may no dark clouds arise
To dim thy lustre ; yet should tempests lower
O'er thy horizon, He who rules the storm,
Shall blunt its fury, and restrain its rage.
Highest and Holiest, Omnipotent,
Dispose her senators to rule in truth ;
In all her statutes, let Thy precepts be
The deep foundation of her government ;
Her mission still to set the bondsman free,
To shed the gospel's rays upon the lands

In Pagan gloom—Plenipotent divine,
Light of the earth, day-star of liberty.

THE ANCIENT MARTYRS.

I SING the ancient martyrs,
That noble faithful band,
Who sowed the seeds of Christendom
In many a Pagan land;
Who braved the ire of despots fierce,
The dungeon, and the stake,—
Their highest glory to be slain
For their Redeemer's sake.

The joyful crowd of witnesses,
The ransomed, white-robed throng,
Who wait beneath the burning throne,
And cry—"O Lord, how long?"
The venerable Polycarp—
The mitred three* that stood
The ancient heroes of our faith—
Who sealed it with their blood.

* CRANMER, RIDLEY, and LATIMER.

How much we owe their memory,
Let future ages say ;
A debt of untold magnitude,
We never can repay.
They died a holy sacrifice
Beneath oppression's rod,
In bonds and agony, that we
In peace might worship God.

Methinks I see that aged-saint
Before the tyrant stand,
Fearless, erect, a patriarch,
Defying his command.
Methinks I see his thin grey locks
Still waving in the wind ;
The fire that lights his eye, bespeaks
His energy of mind.

Hark to his solemn, silvery tones,
Like music to the ear :—
“ I serve my Saviour, the God-man,
And Him alone I fear ;
For fourscore suns and fourscore snows
Have found Him still the same ;
How can I now withdraw my trust,
Or now blaspheme His name ?

Vain all thy threats,—the faggot's flame,
The lion's savage roar ;
I cannot, will not e'er deny
The God whom I adore :
E'en now His angel stands, unseen,
And smiling, bids me trace
Through the red mount of fire, the path
That leads me to His face."

Behold ! they bind him to the pile,
• The fierce flame blazes high,
Dark wreaths of vapour, mantling, shroud
The martyr's agony ;
Yet o'er th' exulting multitude,
As their wild shouts increase,
A still small holy voice is heard,
A voice that whispers peace.

And o'er the blood-red canopy
That circles round his brow,
Behold a shining company,—
The martyr triumphs now !
Pierced by the spear, the crimson stream
Flows from his riven breast ;
The faithful soul released, hath soared
To its eternal rest.

The glorious band of angel forms
That waiting, hovered there,
Caught the blest spirit as it sprang
Into the viewless air,
And through the starry firmament,
Far from the shades of night,
Wafted it soft, and crowned it with
A coronet of light.

Hail to the ancient martyrs !
That noble faithful band,
Who sowed the seeds of Christendom
Within my native land ;
To him who died at Verulam—
The fearless mitred three—
How bright their faith, how calm their end,
How sweet their memory !

Nor second they of meaner name,
Who, faithful unto death,
Proclaimed the truths they died to prove,
E'en with their latest breath ;
Of east and west, of north and south,
In lands beyond the sea,
Of every clime, of every age,
A glorious company.

As when the patient husbandman
Scatters his seed around,*
And trusts the genial dews of heaven
Shall wake the barren ground
To a rich harvest ;—so did they,
In humble hope and trust,
Commit their cause into His hands,
The Holy One and Just.

Army of martyrs ! warrior band !
Ye blood-stained witnesses,
Who reared the banner of the Cross
O'er Pagan miseries ;
Who cast your bright immortal crowns
Low at the Saviour's feet,
And, joyous, greet each ransomed soul
Around His mercy seat.

That enters there amid the throng
Of the seraphic host,—
Long may the truths ye died to guard
Be England's proudest boast ;
The seed ye watered with your blood,
Like harvests tipp'd with gold,*
Spring to immortal life and light.
Bear fruit ten thousand fold.

ALL THINGS PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

HAIL, Mighty Architect of all ! to thee,
 Infinite author of infinity,
 Creation joins in universal praise,
 •Terrestrial mingling with celestial lays.
 Mortal ! behold the hosts that shine on high,
 The gems that sparkle in the midnight sky,
 The dazzling fiery globe that rules the day,
 The silver lamp, that with soft glimmering ray,
 Sheds a sweet halo o'er th' abode of man ;
 These are His works, who was, ere time began.
 Mark the round earth, it whirls in viewless air,
 Trackless and silent, glorious and fair,—
 Her countless millions spread o'er vale and steep,—
 Myriads of forms in ocean caverns deep,—
 Thyself contemplate, and thy master-brain,
 Thy wondrous frame complete, each subtile vein
 Throughout the whole machine, and vainly try
 To understand the secret harmony,—
 Why the lax muscles, pliant to thy will,
 Swiftly obedient, in turn fulfil
 Each sudden purpose of the changeful mind,—
 All with a more than mortal skill designed.
 Say, canst thou trace the hidden mystic thread,

“The silver cord” in man or quadruped,
That binds the spring of life—the golden bowl”
That holds the circling life-blood of thy soul?
’Tis past thine art; thou art thou know’st not
what—

A breathing spirit—diest—and art not;
But for His love to light thine inward gloom,
Should’st darkly live, sink darkly to the tomb.

Each grassy blade that bends beneath thy tread,
Or forest bough that waves above thine head,
Each beauteous flower that decks the verdant field,
Or golden crop that autumn harvests yield,
Each tiny insect sporting on the breeze,
The scaly treasures of th’ unfathomed seas,
The music of a thousand babbling rills,
The lowing herds that range ten thousand hills,
The feathered songsters of the woods, that grace,
With glossy plumes, the air,—and meaner race
Of loathsome reptiles that infest the earth,
Earthquake and flood, draught, plenty, withering
dearth,

Light and darkness, rainbow, cloud, and storm,
Icegirdled poles, and gleaming tropics warm,
All the unnumbered secrets science-knows,

All the stupendous wonders nature throws
 Around thy path, demand a quick reply :—
 Child of a span ! when, in the starlit sky,
 Or globe terraqueous, thou dost divine
 Infinite ends of infinite design,
 And breathest round thee in a world thus fair
 A thousand sweets upon the perfumed air,—
 Say, dost thou bend in lowly reverence
 Thy knee, thine heart, with every noblest sense
 Enwrap't in ecstasy of soul to Him,
 Midst whose resplendence brightest suns are dim ?
 Ah ! if thou dost not, then be woe to thee,
 If in the firmament, and earth, and sea,
 Insensate, dull, thine unadmiring eyes
 Cannot discern a beauteous Paradise,—
 Transcendent, boundless skill of Deity,
 Infinite as his tender love for thee.

Ask the wide sea the burden of its lays
 In its wild anthem ?—its Creator's praise—
 The deep eternal bass from shore to shore,
 Ceaseless shall roll, till time shall be no more ;—
 The glittering orbs, their nightly serenade ?
 His glory, who the universe hath made.
 Ask where thou wilt, now in the deep profound,

In heaven above, or of the hollow ground,—
From earth to heaven, from world to world remote,
Peals the eternal hymn, in varied note ;
Ay, e'en where universal silence reigns,
A voice shall answer thee in dulcet strains,
Or echoing thunder—"All things worship Thee,
Lord of the world, in deep humility ;
Nor dares the first Archangel near Thy throne,
Attune his harp save unto Thee alone,
Omnipotent, Omniscient, King of Kings,
Source of all love, from whom all being springs."

THE MISSIONARY.

HE was but young, yet zeal his breast inflamed,
Eternal love inspired his ardent soul
To benefit mankind.—Friends, country, home
Had left, to roam the globe, fearless, alone ;
What his high mission ? not for love of gain,
Or earthly fame he toiled, or titled name ;
Simple in garb and mien, yet bold of speech ;
In manners gentle ;—as a lion brave ;
He traversed land and sea—the northern zone,
Where the dull winter holds perpetual sway,

Or the hot tropic—here in wide expanse
Of sandy desert, there amid the throng
Of crowded cities, where the millions bow
In ignorance to gods of wood and stone,
He stood and preached, Oh, wondrous gift from
heaven!

With burning words of deep-toned eloquence
And holy fire, or in sweet winning strains
Of soft persuasive power, “the love of Christ”—
Where’er the foot of man had trod before,
In faith he went—now with the swart Hindoo,
Now with the tatooed Indian—anon
To the tall Negro and the Hottentot,
Or native of the thousand ocean isles.
Mark well the man, for great was his reward—
Great as his labours, great as his desires;
For though alone against a pagan host,
Or solitary in the trackless waste,
The victim oft of violence and wrong,
Even to bonds and death—to him was given,
This side the grave, a brighter, surer hope
Than was vouchsafed to ordinary men;
And as he lived for nought but to declare
His Master’s message to a heathen world,
So did that Master to His servant give

He loved not, pitied not his fellow man ;
Nor widow's moan, nor orphan's plaintive cry
Moved his unyielding soul to sympathy :
Yet o'er the inner man a veil could throw,
Conceal his vices 'neath th' assumed glow
Of honest virtues—vile dissembler ! he
A shilling in the urn of charity
Would cast, when likely to be blazoned round—
Perchance enrich his coffer's with a pound ;
The humble suppliant, sure to be denied,
Sought not his door, but passed the other side.

He was not always thus—in infancy,
Climbed in sweet innocence a mother's knee ;
Or gambolled joyous through the livelong day,
Like merry lambkin in the fields at play.
As summers sped and wintry snows swept by,
Her precepts, one by one, neglected lie ;
A fierce desire rushed on his hardened soul,
Unbridled passion—mocking all control ;
Till the foul demon Avarice had thrown
His mantle round him—claimed him as his own—
Bound him in iron fetters, and he gave
Himself an offering—a willing slave.

In the dark watches of the silent night,

Behold him cautious steal with glimmering light
To the strong casket where his treasures lay,—
The iron chest, far from the blaze of day ;
See, how he listens while he turns the key,
Starts at his own dim shadow, lest it be
Some burglar, on foul robbery intent,
Or injured one on retribution bent ;
Behold his palsied hands, withered and old,
Grasping with grim delight the hoarded gold ;
The fire unhallowed flashing from his eye,
That gloats upon the gains of usury ;—
Ill gotten wealth ! Ah, many a broken heart,
Wrung to mad torture by his treacherous art,
Weeps o'er its wrongs—the victim of a knave,
And sinks unpitied to an early grave.
One I remember well, her brow was fair,
Her step elastic as the yielding air,
Her childhood sunny as the morn of spring,
Guileless as harmless dove on sportive wing ;
Death came with unrelenting scythe—he fell,
Her good old sire ;—soon the sepulchral bell
Tolled for his dame, stricken with poignant woe,
Grief such as only the bereaved can know :
Shortsighted mortals in an evil hour,
Their patrimony in the villain's power

Had placed, as guardian for their child, in trust;
They thought him covetous, yet hoped him just;
Delusive hope, he soon his trust betrayed,
And robbed by trickery the orphan maid;
Left her to toil in penury and pain,
To "worse than beggary" for lust of gain.
As some sweet flower that on a summer's day,
Bent by the storm, soon fades and dies away,
So sank the lonely one—her ashes laid
In yon churchyard beneath the linden's shade.
Inhuman wretch! base thief! yet oft would sit
Among th' assembled saints a hypocrite,
With genuflections low, and look demure,
And pious ejulations, aim to lure
Some unsuspecting victim to his snare,
As one at midnight nets the timid hare:
Whate'er he wrought, he wrought for love of pelf,
His gold his god—his end in all—himself;
Religion's garb, the mantle which he wore
To cloak his villany, increase his store.
Mark well the man who worships wealth alone,
Whose heart his idol gold hath turned to stone,
Whose breast ne'er swells with tender sympathy,
Emits no spark of heaven-born charity;
Foe to himself, foe to his fellow man,

Foe to the Deity, his narrow span
Of dim existence swift shall pass away,
As fading twilight at the close of day ;
Or midnight taper's faint expiring light,
That flickers, dies, and plunges all in night.
Dark fiends shall hover round his dying bed,
Pale spectres whisper o'er his aching head
Of those he wronged ;—no gentle form to bend
And soothe the horrors of his fearful end,
To close his eyelids in the hour of death,
And catch the struggling spirit's latest breath ;
No angel's hand to guide him through the gloom ;
No loving eye to glisten o'er his tomb ;
His spirit—where ?—man may not, dare not say,
Nor mortal bard rehearse in earthly lay :
Not in the mansions of eternal day !

'Tis passing strange, but not more strange than
true,
Men look at what men say, not what they do :
Let but some sallow, lank, sour-visaged knave,
With gestures rude, face solemn as the grave,
Parade his godliness 'fore eyes of all ;
Boldly proclaim himself a modern Paul ;
Pray long and loud, sigh deeply, and protest

His sect alone elect, and truly blest ;
How vile his practice, or how false his creed,
Howe'er his precept differ from his deed,
Some simple minds beguiled into belief,
Chose him their guide, adopt him as their chief ;
While the base hireling of a base-born stock
Misleads the sheep, and closely shears the flock ;
Covers his wiles with sanctimonious guise,
Deceives himself, and dreams of Paradise.
For he who dupes his brethren, must outstrip
Ere long the realm of conscience, and his lip
Sips its own poison ; till, as years roll past,
The misdirected intellect, o'ercast,
Ends by becoming its own dupe at last.

Think not because I boldly satirize
A cheat, clothed with hypocrisy and lies,
That I would aim one shaft against the man
Who humbly serves his God as best he can ;
Alike unheeding praise or obloquy,
Still wears no mask of o'erwrought sanctity ;
But unobtrusive, thankful, earns his crust,
Content in faith to love, obey, and trust :
I honour *him*.—Religion was not made
To wrap the bright of earth in gloomy shade ;

Nor needs her votary* to simulate
Wailing and woe, to prove his pious state :
Where sorrow grieves, she wipes all tears away ;
Where darkness reigns, sheds an enliv'ning ray :
Planet of holiness, sweet guiding star,
Sweet is thine influence ! thou shin'st afar,
To light the soul which once was beamless, dark,
O'er life's rough billows to the saving Ark :
Handmaid of truth divine ! who weds thy love,
Embraces joy, the bliss of saints above ;
What, though his path beset with many a thorn
Of want, or pain, or grief !—thou shalt adorn
His journey here with ever-blooming flowers,
Blossoms of hope from the celestial bowers ;
Death prove a perfumed couch of roses given,
To lull to sweet repose—then wake the soul in
heaven.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

High in the highest courts of heaven,
This is the theme alone
Of the rapt choirs that chord their harps
Around the burning throne.

"Eternal source of life and love,
 Creator, Spirit, Son,
 Let all Thy creatures worship Thee;
 Great God, "Thy will be done."

The Christian, too, though trials perplex,
 And doubts o'ercloud his way,
 Though sore afflictions vex his soul,
 "Thy will be done" will pray.

Whate'er his lot, he fain would have
 This will—this only one;
 'Thou who hast died that I may live,
 Saviour, "Thy will be done."

In faith will ask—Oh Lord! complete
 The work Thou hast begun
 Within my soul, and give me grace
 To say "Thy will be done."

That thus, in all I suffer here,
 I may my will resign,
 Trust in Thy faithful love, and know
 No other will but Thine.

And when on this terrestrial sphere,
 My journey shall be run,

In peace and hope obey Thy call,
And say "Thy will be done."

Then join the host of saints above,
Whom Thou from death hast won,
Through all eternity to sing
Saviour, "Thy will be done."

Thou Father uncreate, and Thou
Only begotten Son,
And Spirit—all one Triune God
In Christ,—“Thy will be done.”

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

MARK but his eye, it glistens with a spark
Of heavenly fire, bright as the golden beam
Of Summer's sun in high meridian,
That, in its radiant glory, glancing o'er
Some gentle silent stream, illumines its depths,
Which, mirror-like, reflect unto the sky
The blooming verdure of its mossy banks.
How sweet his parting smile!—life, with its cares,
Its griefs, and transient joys is ebbing fast;
Yet his rapt soul, though on the cold grave's verge,

Hath clothed the pallid brow with untold joy,—
The bright perspective of a better world.
The flood of death, with all its deepened gloom
Of dark futurity, for him no terror yields;
The Staff of God, his constant aid and guide,
Upholds his spirit; nature fades from view,
And as all earthly closes round in night,
Rises the morning of eternal day:
Safe in the Ark, the Saviour at the helm,
Buoyant he glides across the narrow sea
That rolls this side the heavenly bourn. and lands
Secure, within the haven of the blest.

Far from the bounds of this terrestrial scene,
Th' immortal essence, born of God, hath winged
Its willing flight;—nor more to visit them
Till that dread day, when the Great Judge of all
Shall wake the dead, reanimate their dust,
And 'mid the crash and wreck of countless worlds
Decide each mortal's everlasting fate:
Then shall he rise and stand before the Throne,
Subject no more to dark mortality,
But like the Saviour's first-fruits from the tomb,
A glorious form,—rescued from sin and death—
Nor spot nor wrinkle; in corruption sown,
Yet rising incorrupt; dishonour changed

To heaven's own glory ; earthly weakness gone
In new created power ; material form
Lost in the blaze of immortality—
Clad in the spotless robe the Saviour wrought,
His righteousness—ever with Him to dwell
Where the redeemed with blissful seraphs hymn
Their song in sweetest accents to His praise :
Through ages numberless, with the celestial choirs
To swell a lofty ceaseless theme of perfect joy.

THE PASSAGE OF THE OHIO.

FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

WHERE the Ohio pours its waters by
With sullen roar the shores of Kentucky,
Behold a quadron mother and her child ;
Why gleams her full dark eye with frenzy wild ?
Why wave her raven tresses in the wind
Unbound ? Why casts she such fierce looks behind ?
Why pale her quivering lips with agony ?
She shuns the grasp of hateful slavery ;
'Tis on her babe, her cruel master sold
The infant from her arms for sordid gold ;
Maddened she flees to save her darling boy—
Pride of her heart, last pledge of earthly joy.
Swiftly the furious torrent hurries past,

Each surging wave more dreadful than the last ;
Huge rafts of ice cover the foaming tide,
Save where the current near th' Kentuckian side
Rolls on sublime in awful majesty,
Careers impetuous to the distant sea.

Hark ! the pursuer's cry has reached her ear !
Down to the brink, swift as a hunted deer,
Headlong she speeds—one moment starts aghast,
And views the rapid as it rushes past ;
One backward glance, one wild unearthly scream,
She clasps the child, and leaps the threat'ning
stream,

Lights on the first dark whirling mass—she reels,—
What tongue can utter all her bosom feels !
Heaven aids the power implanted from above,
A woman's tenderness, a mother's love ;
Again she springs, and with redoubled force,
Fleet as the wind, renews her onward course,
From rock to rock of floating ice she bounds,
The echoing air with her wild shrieks resounds,
The rugged crags away 'neath her steps, submerge,
And the dark waters chant a funeral dirge ;
Yet still she struggles, terror lends her wings,
From mass to mass with desperate leap she springs,
Her bleeding feet scarce touch the slippery path :—

Vain are his curses, vain his bursts of wrath
Who marks her daring flight—his prey no more,
She nears the goal, she climbs the friendly shore,—
A brawny arm has caught her on the strand,
An honest heart hath lent a helping hand,
And points her to a hiding place—Oh, joy!
The mother's love has triumphed, she hath saved
her boy.

Ah! ye who dwell in freedom and in peace,
Whose fireside joys with every eve increase,
Whose lovely innocents in childish glee,
Securely fond climb the parental knee,
Think on the slave! for him no kindred tie
Sacred to home, no social sympathy:
A soul in chains, a spirit linked and bound
In iron fetters, friendless, twined around
With dark despair; the morning's rosy light
May snatch his partner from his aching sight,
May drag his offspring forth to toil and pain,
Torture and death, nor thence return again;
No more his ear their infant prattle sweet,
At close of day in joyous tones shall greet;
For him the lash,—a solitary cup
Of bitter woe that drinks his spirit up,—
The frantic sob of helpless agony,—

